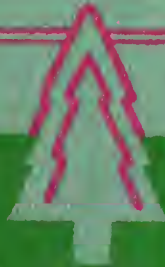


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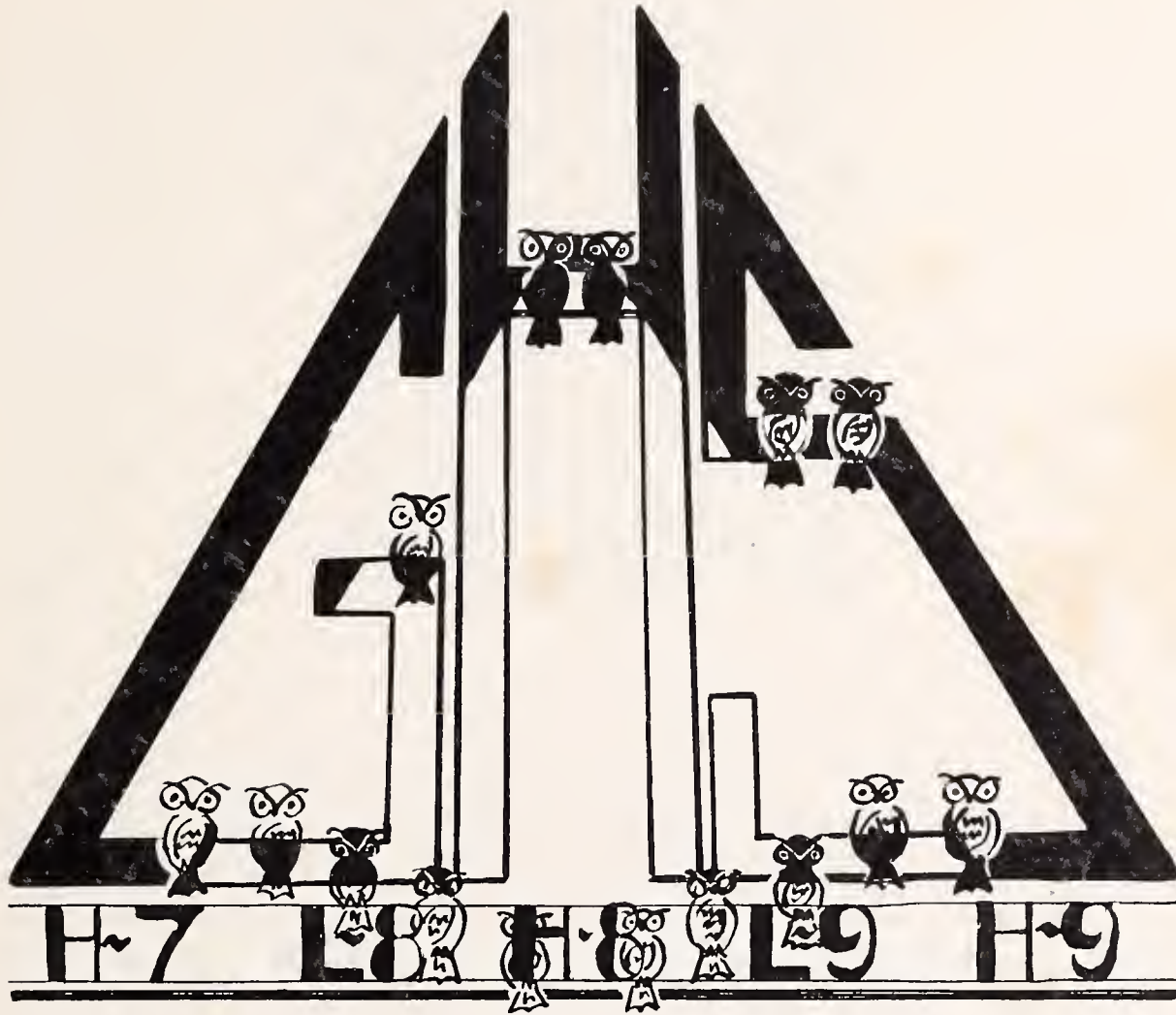
Handwritten notes in a box, mostly illegible.

FARFIELD CLEANER

FALL
1937



Handwritten notes in a box, mostly illegible.



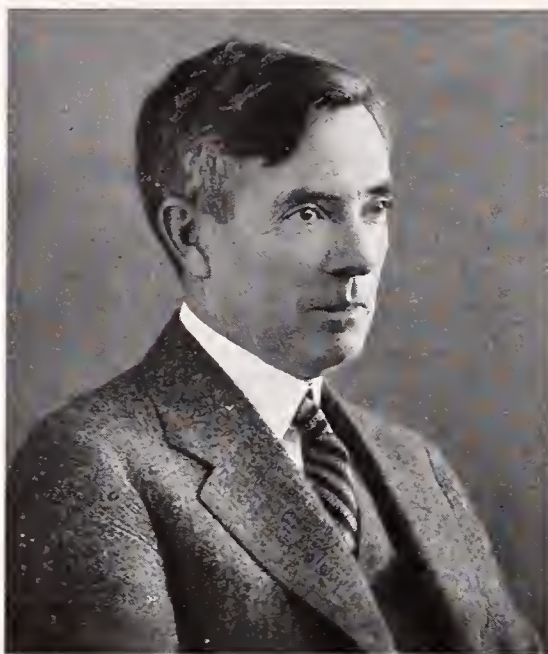
D E D I C A T I O N

*In appreciation of her admirable and inspiring work with the
Honor Society, and of her whole-hearted co-operation
with us during our years at Garfield, we lovingly
dedicate this Christmas 1933 Gleaner, to*

MRS. MYRTLE KILKENNY

LILLIAN HENNESSEY

GARFIELD JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE TO GRADUATES

The Garfield Junior High School will be eighteen years old next month. On the first Monday of January, 1916, we assembled for the first time in the building now occupied by the University Elementary School at Rose and Shattuck. We had been the Whittier Intermediate School for five years previous to that time. During the Christmas vacation of 1915 we moved to our new location, changed our name, and began life as a new school. The December class of 1933 is the thirty-sixth class to graduate from Garfield.

It has been my privilege to write a farewell message to each of these classes. Always there is in my mind as I write the same mingling of feelings—rejoicing with you at the happy and successful completion of your Junior High School course, regret that the instructors who have been so much interested in your welfare, who have taken so much pleasure in helping you with your problems, in watching your growth and development, in softening your disappointments, in sharing your pleasures and successes, will no longer have the daily opportunity to counsel and guide you in your school life. We can only hope that the ideals held before you during these important formative years will grow into lives rich with worth-while achievements. That is the chief reward of your teachers.

You have been a helpful, co-operative class. As school-officers, as student-leaders, as members of committees, you have proven competent and satisfactory, and many have shown real leadership. Your projects and programs to help the school have been unusually successful. You are carrying with you a high average in both scholarship and citizenship attainments.

If you keep your present standards we are confident that success will be yours, and that you will be worthy of a place beside the best of those who have preceded you in the long list of Garfield graduates.

Keep ever in mind that those who seek pleasure as an end in itself are doomed to disappointment. Real pleasure is a by-product of lives that are lived rightly and of daily duties well done. Happiness that is lasting comes only to those whose course in life is clearly marked by high ideals, and who never lower those ideals for the sake of transient pleasure or false popularity.

*"Straight is the line of duty;
Curved is the line of beauty;
If you follow the first all your life through
The second will follow you."*

D. L. HENNESSEY.

FACULTY

HENNESSEY, D. L.	Principal
CANNON, MABELLE	Secretary
Archer, Mrs. Kate W.	Morse, Blanche, <i>Counselor</i>
Arendt, Marion, <i>Counselor</i>	Mossman, Edith L.
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Barry, Margaret	O'Neill, Mrs. Dorah D.
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Boehne, Fred	Patton, Elizabeth
Brubaker, Emma	Perry, H. D.
Brush, Charlotte	Piatt, Mrs. Mona Skinner
Collar, Gladys	Riley, Irma
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Hamsher, Alice	SPECIAL TEACHERS AND ASSISTANTS
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Kelton, Genevieve, <i>Counselor</i>	Robinson, Mrs. Ida, <i>Piano</i>
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Martin, Helen	Odom, Joseph, <i>Custodian</i>
McLean, Arthur L.	Post, C. C., <i>Custodian</i>
Montagne, Mrs. Alberta E.	



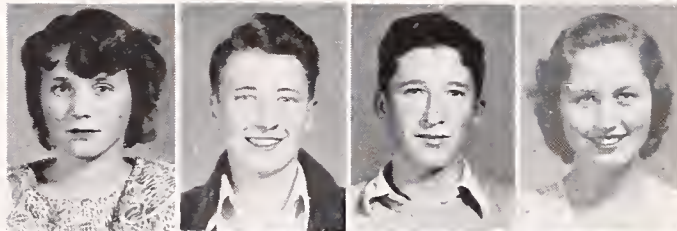
ART STAFF

The Gleaner cover was designed and painted by Bill Brock and Hinsdale Latour. Dorothy Heck drew the Honor Society frontispiece and Horace Pratt made the cartoons for the Garfield Diary. The linoleum-block illustrations and headings were designed and cut by Kathryn Mead, Docia Blackledge, Evelyn Haydon, Virginia Clarke, Dorothy Heck, Hinsdale Latour, Horace Pratt and Bill Brock.





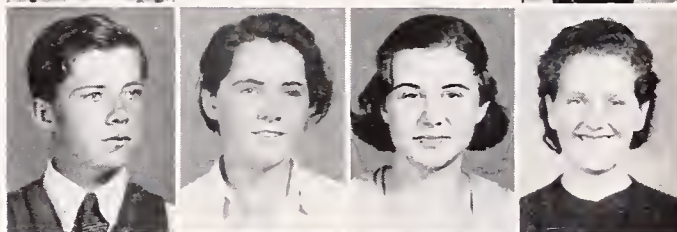
GRADUATES



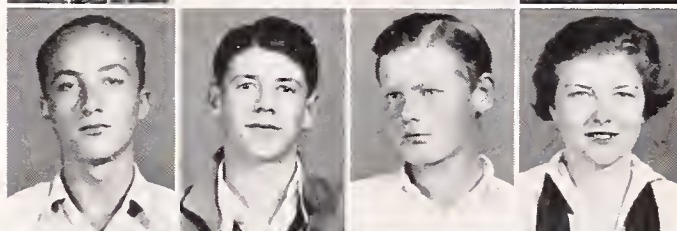
Helen Acorn
George Agee
Claire Alexander
Helen Alexander



Lou Anderson
Anna Mae Andrae
Pauline Arms
Darrell Argubright



Harry Ashham
Dorothy Ayer
Shirle Bass
Margaret Beauchamp



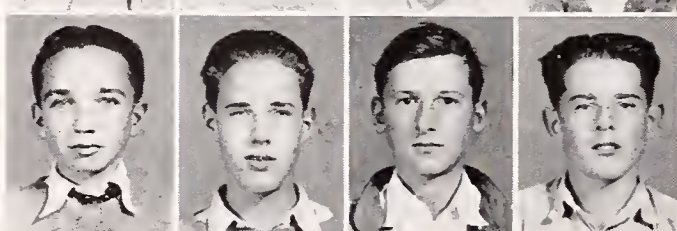
Ralph Beck
Bert Bertolero
Meyrich Bell
Corinne Blackburn



Peggy Booth
Patricia Bowman
Griffith Borgeson
Myra Bridgewater

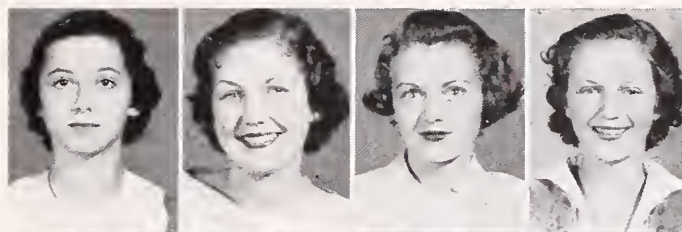


Bill Brock
June Eleanor Brown
Paul Brown
Cecil Buffum

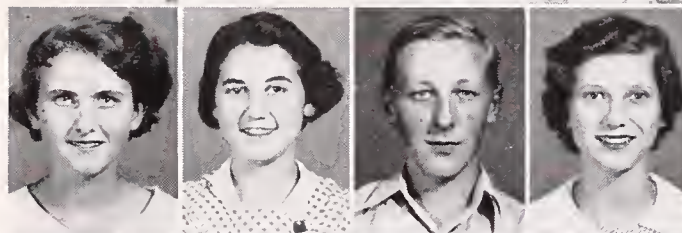


Morris Bruce
William Burd
Dick Chaney
Don Chandler

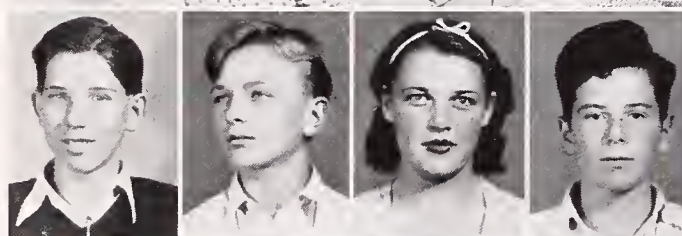
Betty Jane Christensen
 Kathryn Clarke
 Catherine Cobb
 Marian Crowell



Edith Dean
 Helen De Betta
 George Dennett
 Jane Dewell



Jimmy Dixon
 Jack Dill
 Evelyn Dodd
 Page Douglas



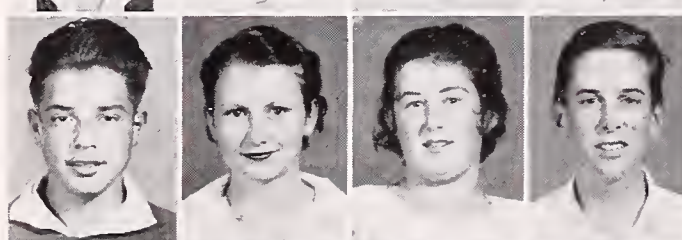
Clara Eriksen
 Catherine Erwin
 Doris Ann Evans
 Charles Fender



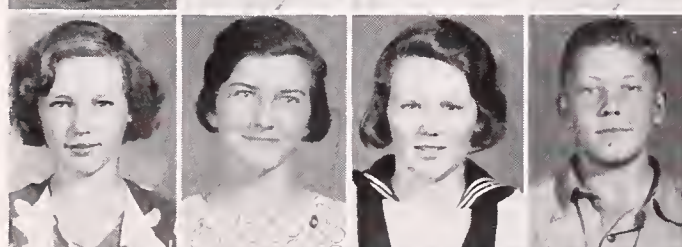
Emma Fisk
 Jeanne Fonticella
 Lilian Foss
 Alvyn Franck



Bob Francis
 Louise Frolli
 Emily Anne Gillman
 Sam Goodenough



Margaret Gustavson
 Marjorie Hall
 Lois Hansen
 Clarence Hanson

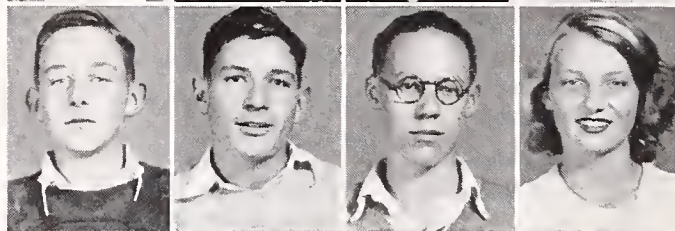


Hazel Harano
 Paula Hardman
 Dorothy Harvey
 Akira Hayashida

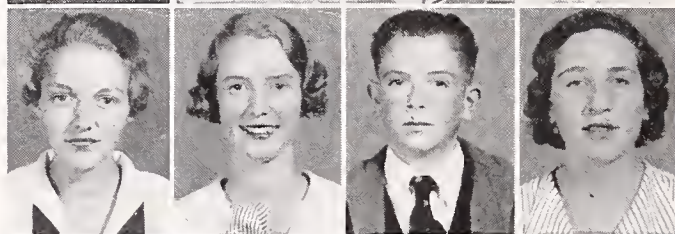




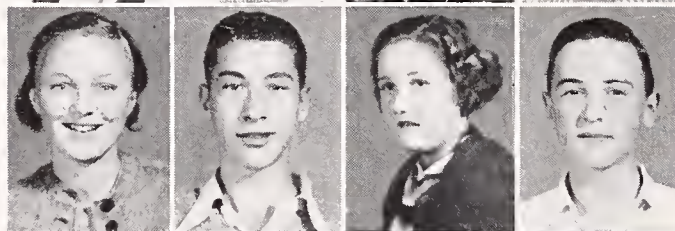
Evelyn Haydon
Lilian Hennessey
Vladimir Hlebnikoff
Virginia Holliday



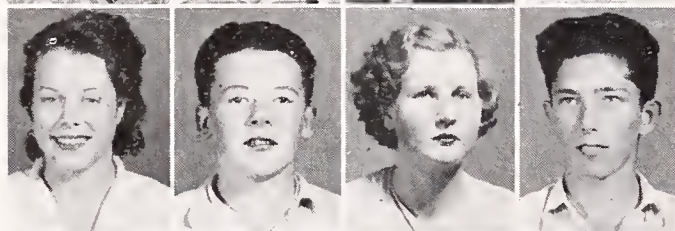
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Louis Horton
Robert House
Burnis Hunter.



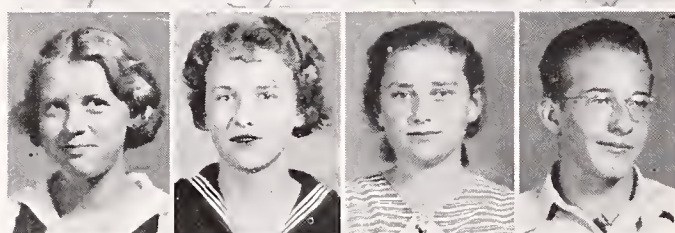
Charlotte Janssen
Glenn Jewett
Howard Johns
Janice Judd



Ilona Koski
Howard Keith
Frances Kauffman
Edward Kotok



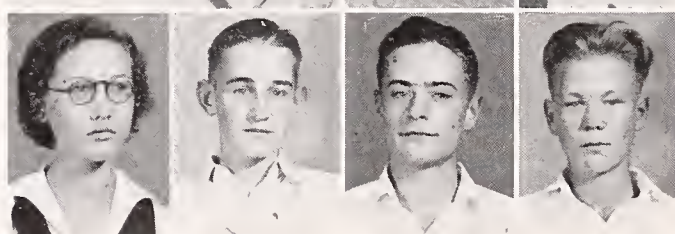
Marjorie Larmour
Jack Lawrence
Ellen Lauritzen
De Loss Lee



Betty Lewis
Rosamond Llewellyn
Mary Luce
George Maddox

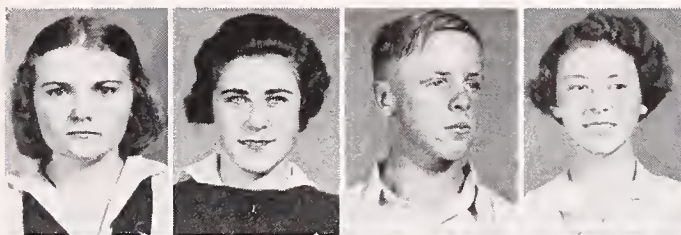


Joseph Mann
Betty Mainwaring
Lawrence Malley
Gladys Marson

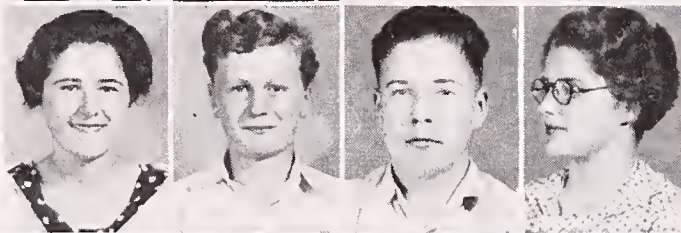


Christine Martino
Bob McCarthy
Bob McNamar
Eldon McNeil

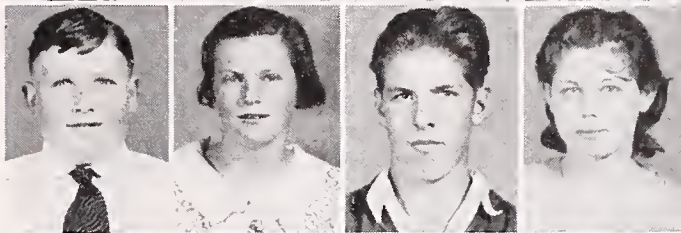
Margaret Melhase
 Hope Merrall
 Bill Meyer
 Dorothy Miller



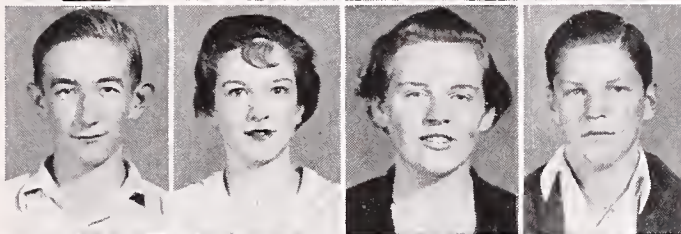
Ruth Morgan
 Nicolai Moffett
 Clifford Moore
 Nancy Miller



Eugene Murphy
 Eleanor Nazro
 John Newton
 Thelma Nordby



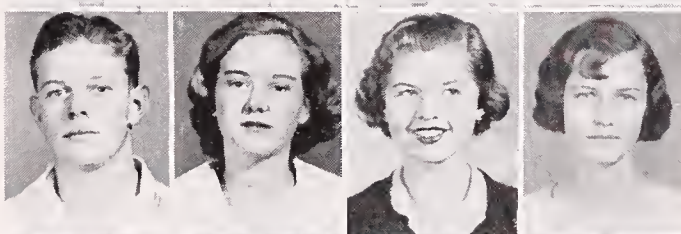
Bill Norton
 Mildred Parker
 Ruth Pauli
 Ralph Pearson



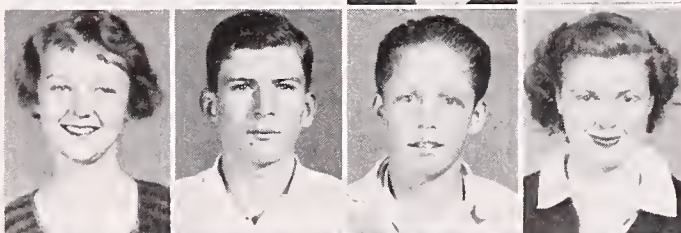
Joelle Pepper
 Joelle Pepper
 Joyce Pepper
 Joe Penny
 Charlie Pierson



Roy Poulsen
 Dorothy Preston
 Claudine Price
 Dorothy Price

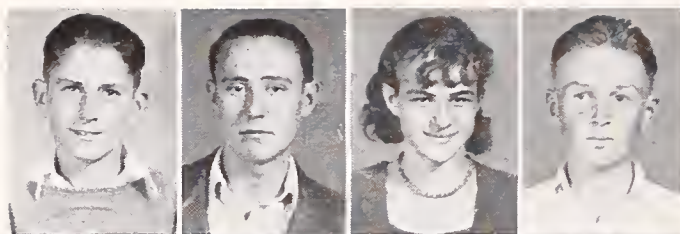


Edna Rankin
 John Reader
 Robert Reeve
 Delia Rogers

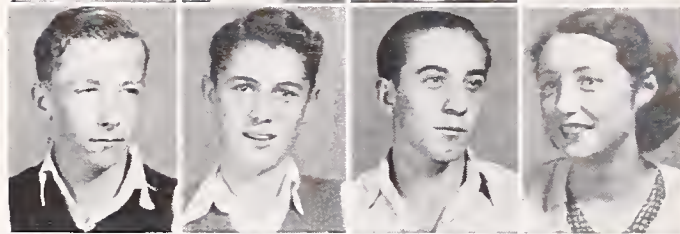


Payson Roseland
 Elizabeth Sandrock
 Evelyn Schmeder
 Jeanne Schuchard

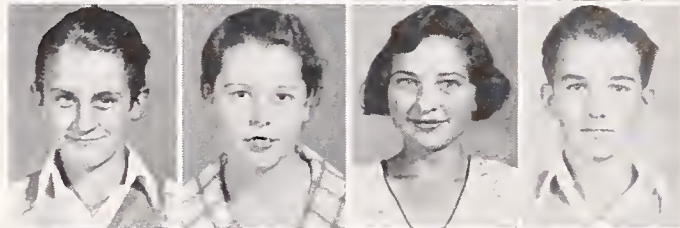




George Scott
Ray Sears
Nina Shneyeroff
Phil Simpson



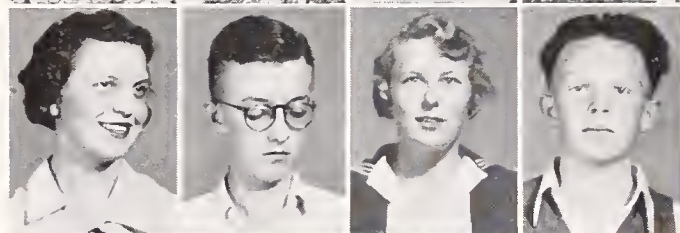
Phil Slater
Kenneth Slusser
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Sheila Smith



Bob Strehl
Edith Swannell
Anna Sylva
Richard Tansey



Vertus Taylor
Ruth Thomas
Lorraine Trottier
Eleanor Vandecar



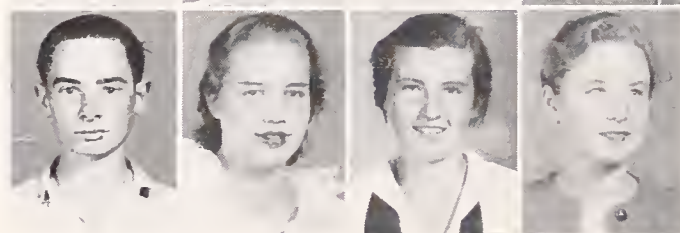
Margaret Viglia
Victor Waithman
Elaine Walsh
Robert Ward



Nina Mell Webber
Patricia Wells
Margaret Westerlund
Bob White



Alvyn Whitechat
Eleanor Wiley
Stanton Williams
Clyde Wilson



Jim Woodville
Ruth Worthington
Jean Youngberg
Julia Larson



G. S. A. OFFICERS

AUGUST TO DECEMBER, 1933

CHARLES FENDER, *President*
 AUDREY ELLIS, *Vice-President*
 DELIA ANN ROGERS, *Secretary*
 HOPE MERRALL, *Treasurer*

LILIAN HENNESSEY, *Social Secretary*
 KENNETH SLUSSER, *Boys' Athletic Manager*
 MARGARET BEAUCHAMP, *Girls' Athletic Manager*

BOB MCCARTHY, *Yell Leader*

GRADUATION

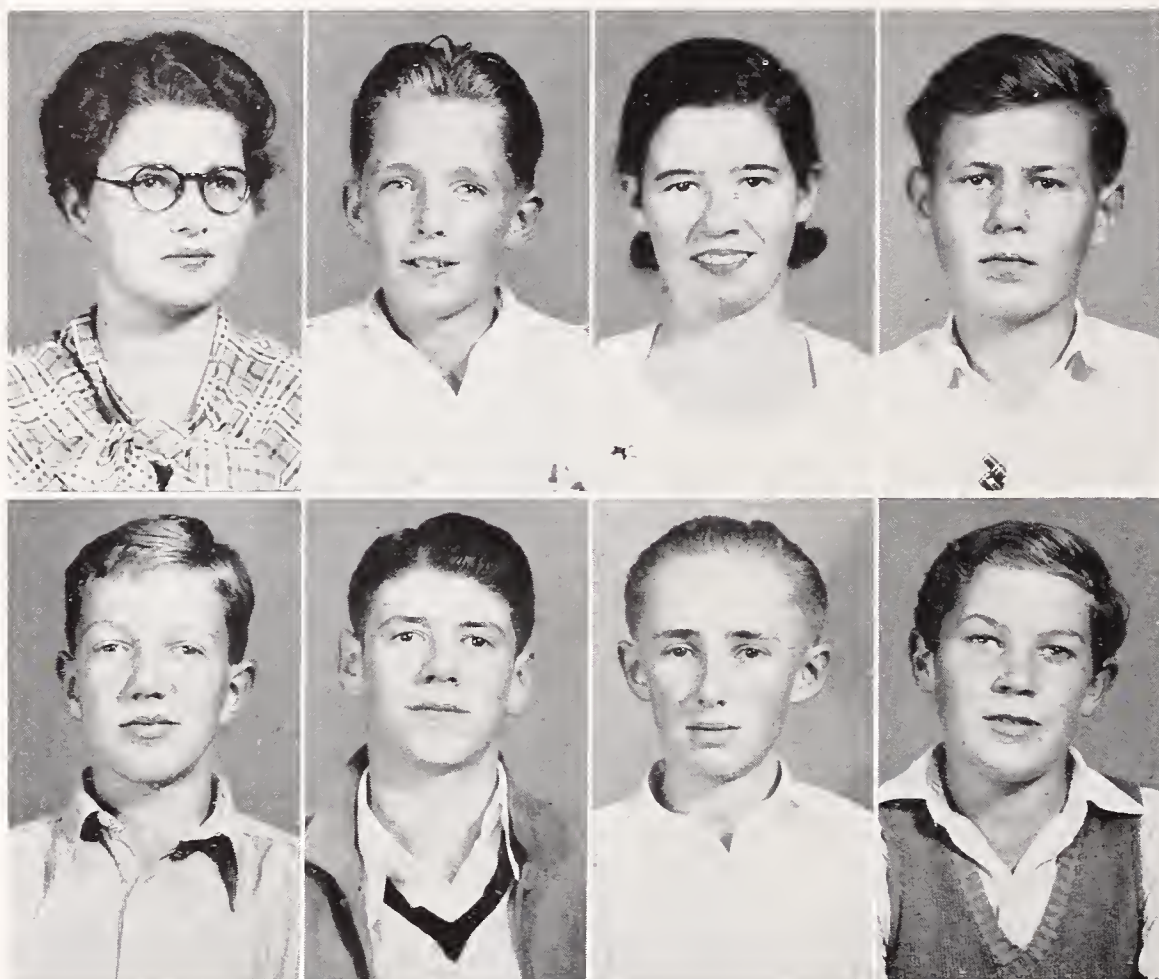
Class Day exercises of the graduating class will be held on Wednesday morning, December 13, at 9:30 o'clock. At this program will be given the class statistics, the class will, and the regular graduation musical numbers. The representative and honor students will receive their awards. The entire school will attend.

The graduation exercises will be held on Thursday morning, December 14, at 9:30 o'clock. The program will be attended by parents and friends of the graduates, and by the members of the Low Ninth grade.

The musical numbers will be appropriate to the Christmas season and will include a solo by George Agee; a chorus by a High Ninth music group; a song by the entire graduating class; and selections by the orchestra.

Charles Fender will give the welcome from the graduates, and Mildred Parker will present the class gift. Louis Landau will be the alumni speaker. Other numbers are being arranged as this is written. The Parent-Teacher Association will give a party for the graduates on Thursday afternoon.

HOWARD S. COOK.



GLEANER STAFF FALL TERM 1933

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—NANCY MILLER

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Literary—HOWARD COOK

Art—BILL BROCK

Poetry—BETTY LOU HOWARD

Bus. Manager—BERT BERTOLERO

Jokes—EDWARD DE LANOY

Circulation—PAYSON ROSELAND

Exchanges—ERNEST HALMETOJA

EDITORIAL

The whistle has sounded, and the anchor is being lifted.

The graduating class of 1933 is shortly to leave the harbor of Garfield where it has been moored for three short years.

As we look back on the school which has given us so many happy and some sorrowful memories, we shall always remember it as our first stop in our plotted course of life. The many happy hours which we spent in activities and study will come to our minds long after our ship has arrived safely at other ports.

Although there is a feeling of sadness at leaving, we know that the training and help which we have received has prepared us to face whatever conditions we may meet in the harbors to which we are destined. As the evening sun casts its shadow on the harbor of Garfield, we leave with confidence that it will rise in a more glorious dawn.

NANCY MILLER—*The Editor.*



GLEANER ASSISTANTS

Stanton Williams, Jane Dewell, Patricia McCaughey, Charlotte White, Marian Borden, Margery Churchill, William Hyde, Frances Kauffman, Robert Connell, Fred Scobey, Elizabeth Clark, Charles Pierson, Vyelaine Cunningham, Dorothy Cozens, Dorothy Heck, Patricia Bowman, Carolyn Don, Margaret Melhase, Marybelle Rocca, Dorothy Preston, Laurie Pilling, Jimmie Beall, Shirle Bass, George Agee, Evelyn Prochietto, Rosemary Ellis, Dorothy Aye, Bob White, Molly Moser, James Hull, Katherine Mead, Horace Pratt, Hinsdale Latour, Evelyn Haydon, Charles Potts, Bob Doane.



To a Brook

I

*Little brook a-flowing,
Over hill and dale,
Under Spruce and Hemlock,
Through a wooded vale.
Bubbling over pebbles,
Murm'ring soft and low,
Shim'ring like a necklace
In the twilight's soft'ning glow.*

II

*Little brooklet flowing,
Sparkling to the sea.
Busy, tiny river,
How gay you seem to be.
Flowing ever onward,
Onward through the night,
Greeting with a golden song
The coming of the light.*

ELINOR SKIMMINGS, *High Eight.*



PEEPING AT NATURE

It had been one of those glorious, sunny days that are plentiful in California. And now, as we look over the bay, we see the tall skyscrapers of San Francisco, glittering like castles in the sun. We look toward the northwest through the Golden Gate, at the sparkling waters of the Pacific. The sun is just going down over the tinted purple hills, as we watch its shadows on the Pacific. The crimson clouds slowly darken and also become shadows in the sky.

Our sight wanders to the moonlit ridges behind Berkeley, where the trees, outlined against the sky, look like ghastly ghosts, and the clouds like galleons, with their sails to the wind. When we glance back over the quiet waters, the city is wrapped in sleep, with the moon a watchful guardian.

TED DIETRICK, *High Eight.*

Origin of the Cactus

*Apollo, deep in brooding anger, crossed his sacred skies,
Straight he went, straight as the blue-black raven flies;
As the day went into twilight, the twilight into dark
He entered in the forest where the trees had purple bark.
He took in all the grandeur with one deep and loving breath
And the silence of the forest was still—quite still as death.
Apollo wandered through the wood; he chanced to see a stream
And seated by it was a maiden clad in a moonbeam.
Apollo was enchanted with her beauty and her grace—
Her eyes were blue, her hair was brown and deep cream was her face.
He seemed to want her like a child—a toy he cannot reach
“I love you. Oh! I love you. Come with me I do beseech!”
She heeded not his gentle words; she fled from him in haste.
He followed her; he wanted her, but wings her feet replaced.
They ran and ran ’til desert wastes did take the place of pine
And lo! no longer was the girl, nor of her was a sign;
The desert held naught on it but a cactus, straight and tall,
And deep within its spiny arms a blossom, to enthrall
The heart of one who had been foiled and lost his own true love;
For the maiden had been changed by Diana far above.*



MY FOREST

The pine trees in my forest divide their day and night into six periods. They are so vain and love clothes so much that they change gowns for each period!

The first starts about five-thirty or six o'clock in the morning, when the earliest early bird in sleepy twitters tells his family he must be up and hunting *that* worm. Then he bursts forth in a spontaneous song of joy, the forest alarm clock. Others join him and soon the forest is wide awake. The trees, being very modest, feel that now the birds are up, they must clothe themselves in some manner. After talking together in sleepy swishes each tree in my forest reaches up to the heavens and draws down and around her a filmy garment of gray—FOG.

Now, at ten o'clock my trees array themselves in mauve-blue and gray, a most charming gown for early morning—SKY and FOG.

An apron, of course, is appropriate for noon and as my trees are very sensible each one wears a little blue apron with a yellow design—SKY and SUNSHINE.

For six o'clock dinner they don gowns of changeable silk, purple, pink and gold—SUNSET GLOWS.

At half past seven my trees are dressed, ready and waiting. Each wears a formal of blue—TWILIGHT.

Now eight o'clock and my trees slip on their black evening wraps and leave—NIGHT.

LAURIE PILLING, *Low Nine*.

Mineralogical Pi

*The ardent mineralogist
He labors all year round,
Seeking types of crystals rare
In mines deep in the ground.*

*He spends his time in digging earth
His work is really bliss.
His alphabet is strange indeed,
It runs along like this:*

*An A. is Alabaster white,
It's source some southern places
Beryl and Calcite, B. and C.,
With clear and clean-cut faces.*

*For D. there is the Diamond rare
And E. the Emerald green.
Fluorite bows and claims the F.
As Gold, our G. is seen.*

*While H. is Hydrocalcite, Iron
Steps in next place for I.
Jasper, J., is brightest red,
And Kunzite, K., stands by.*

*Limonite trails on for L.
And Mica's silver sheen
Shines out for M., and then for N.
Neptunite is seen.*

*Opal's ever changing hues
For O. are world renowned;
And Pyrite and it's many cubes
For P. has next been found.*

*For Q. we have the crystal Quartz,
The poor man's gem, 'tis said
And next for R. and prized by kings
Are dazzling Rubies, red.*

*Sapphire now for S. is here
In soft cornflower blues,
And for T. is Tourmaline
With it's tri-colored hues.*

*Urbanite is blue for U.
And Valeite, pale, for V.
W. is blue Wardite
From Utah, as you see.*

*Next for X. is Xenotime
All crystallized in the ground,
While Y. is Yttrocra-site black,
And Z. as Zinc is found.*

*And now, my every reader, you
Are someday sure to hear
That every mineralogist
Is sane, but very queer.*

MARGARET MELHASE, *High Nine.*



THE JONESES PACKING UP

Place: The Joneses bedroom.

Mrs. Jones is packing toys, clothes, and necessary things for a vacation. The room is littered with these things. A voice calls from off stage.

Voice: "Mildred, where is my shaving cream?"

Mildred: "I'm sorry dear, but the children were using it to wash their dog's teeth. They looked so cute that I just couldn't stop them."

Voice: "Oh, and while they are looking cute what am I supposed to shave with?"

Mildred: "Now, George, don't get sarcastic. Didn't you buy a new tube for the trip? Here it is." (takes it off stage).

(A child runs into the room, holding out his hand.)

Child: "Mother, Brownie bit me." (begins to cry).

Mildred: (running back on stage) "Oh, did Mother's little sugar plum get bitten by the nasty dog? Sit down while I go find the medicine."

(returns with a bottle and bandages in her hand. Talks soothingly to the child while fixing the hand.) Now go play with Sister till I call you." (child leaves on left side, Mr. Jones (George) enters on right.)

Mr. Jones: (his face and hands are all soapy, he throws his hands wildly around). "Mildred! Where's the towel? Help! Mildred, where are you? The soap is getting in my eyes and mouth. Mildred!"

Mildred: "Don't get excited, George. Here we are." (leads him off stage. Upon returning the phone rings beside the bed.) "Why hello Mrs. Smith! (aside, "Humph, the old cat.") To Niagara My, I wish my husband would take me there again. Oh yes, we went there for our honeymoon. And he bought you some new vacation clothes? (aside, "I knew she wanted to brag about something.") You lucky thing. (doorbell rings.) I'm sorry, my dear, but I think the expressman is at the door. Goodbye, goodbye." (runs off stage, returns talking with expressman.)

Mildred: "Could you wait a moment?" (expressman stands fumbling with hat. Mrs. Jones hurriedly packs the clothes. She is just about to close the last trunk when a little girl comes in.)

Girl: "Mother, I want to carry my Teddy Bear with me when we ride."

Mildred: "I'm sorry, dear, Mother has just finished packing the trunks and can't be bothered with your Teddy Bear." (girl starts to cry and whine, sits on floor and starts to kick. In desperation Mildred begins to unpack all the trunks.)

Mildred: "I can't seem to remember which trunk I put it in." (finally finds it in the last one, hands it to girl who leaves.) Now please don't bother me any more. (to expressman) You don't mind waiting do you?"

Expressman: "No, mum, but I don't think the train will wait. You only have twenty minutes left and it will take at least ten to get there!"

Mildred: (talking to herself) "Oh dear, that old Mrs. Smith always makes me late. There, I think you can take these now." (expressman leaves with trunks. Mr. Jones walks in. Is all dressed except for pants. Has kimona on.)

Mr. Jones: "I'll be ready in a minute, now."

Mildred: "I'm so excited I can't get my hat on." (puts her hat on backwards, doesn't realize mistake).

Mr. Jones: "Where're my pants? I had them laid over this chair, ready to put on." (looks around with help of Mildred.)

Mildred: "Were they your gray flannels?"

Mr. Jones: "Why yes. Mildred, don't tell me you—you didn't—oh Mildred!"

Mildred: "I've packed them with the other things and the expressman's gone." (both drop in respective chairs.)

(CURTAIN)

FRANCES KAUFMAN, *High Nine*.

Battleships

*As I was sitting on the hill,
I happened to see one day,
A fleet of death-gray battleships
Afloat upon the bay.*

*T'was evening time, and as I watched
The Sun dropped slowly down,
Reflecting from the dreadnoughts' sides
To San Francisco Town.*

*How peaceful, yet how terrible
These steel sea monsters seemed.
Lazily the smoke poured out, yet
Deadly guns from turrets gleamed.*

*War's grim actions they portrayed—
Destruction, waste, and fight.
Then darkness, like a curtain fell,
And blotted all from sight.*

BILL GRANNELL.



THE SHOT

Slowly, sedately, with her blond head erect she walked down between the lines of grim guards and took her place. As to any person about to drown or die, little incidents of her life came to her mind all in a rush and jumble. How her mother, dear soul, had tied up her sleeper sleeves to prevent her thumb sucking. The awful feeling of first putting her foot on the principal's threshold only to be complimented on her *good* behavior. Then the unforgiveable and unforgettable day when— A crisp voice barked out two crisp words, "Ready—Shoot!"

It was all over! She had rung the basket and won for dear old Garfield.



Fog

*The fog drifts silently in
Over the water in long streamers.
It lies in a white bank above the town.
Only tall towers and spires of churches
Stand clear of it.
It fills the canyons and hangs white wreaths
About the hill tops.*

GORDON HARDING, *Low Seven.*

The Golden Season

*Summer has gone and Autumn's begun
And the leaves are dancing and having great fun.
With their beautiful colors of orange and brown
They brighten the air as they frolic down.*

*Where are the flowers that recently stood
On the hill, by the brook in the wood?
And where are the birds that filled the trees
And the butterflies and the bumble bees?*

*Golden Autumn has taken these things
To guard them and keep them under her wings
'Till spring comes round to call them again
To brighten this world of sorrow and pain.*

SHEILA CHANDLER, *High Eight.*



Pines Lullaby

*The whispering lullaby of the pine,
On the banks of a silv'ry lake,
With moonbeams glinting in crystal line,
A soothing sleep-song make.*

*As the clear, sweet notes of the bugle die
From the crest of a tow'ring hill,
The echo resounds with an eerie cry
From lake and pine and rill.*

*From out the silence the ripples sing
As clear and sweet as wine,
Their lovely song so soft and low,
The lullaby of the Pine.*

BETTY LOU HOWARD, *Low Nine.*



Autumn's Lullaby

*Hark! 'Tis the mystic call of the wind I hear,
The weird howl; the deep-drawn sigh.
The gold and crimson leaves appear
Against the ever-changing sky.*

*All growing things are now at rest.
The grapes hang low; the geese fly high.
Each seed is deep in its earthy nest.
The autumn wind is its lullaby.*

CONSTANCE ROBINSON, *High Seven.*

Berkeley

Berkeley—

At night—

Darkness—

*A thick white blanket of fog covers the city and muffles the fog horns
whining call.*

Quick staccato footsteps echo hollowly along the sidewalk and fade away.

Breathless silence—

The deep tolling of midnight by the Campanile chimes.

Silence—

Night in Berkeley.

Berkeley—

By day—

Sunlight—

The fog lifts slowly as if it were loathe to give up its resting place.

*Thin streams of smoke rise from chimneys like burnt offerings to the sun
god.*

The clang of a bell—

The honking of several automobile horns—

And thus the day is begun.

Crowds—

Hurrying to work, shop, and school.

Cars, in a steady stream, shuttle back and forth.

Rush—

Rush—

Day in Berkeley.

GLEN JEWETT, *High Nine.*



AM I AN AMERICAN?

I am an American. I was born in Berkeley, California. My father and mother were born in Japan.

Sometimes when I go to Japanese School, my teacher tells us a story about Japan and what the country is like. He makes the story so interesting that we all go home and ask our mothers and fathers to tell us a story about Japan.

My mother told me that when she was in Japan, she used to go to school in the winter with her brother in snow about one foot deep. But in the spring it is very beautiful, with the cherry blossoms in full bloom.

In Japan they have different classes of people, the lower class, middle class, high class, and the noble class. My mother's and father's class was a little higher than the middle class. Although my mother did not go to college, my father did and won some honors for rowing, running, and other athletic games. In my mother's and my father's house there are a servant girl and a little boy about ten or eleven years old to bring messages and go on errands because their home is in the country.

MARY HAYASHIDA, *Low Eight.*

The Stream

*A stream has many moods, you know!
Times of cheer, times of woe.
To travel where the waters flow,
Is my ambition. I must go!*

*At times a stream is happy, bright,
Goes o'er the falls, dancing light,
Sometimes through thickets, dark as night,
It flows sadly, out of sight.*

*I think the stream's a funny thing,
Sometimes it cries, sometimes sings,
It makes your soul with fervor ring,
It plays on your heart. It pulls the strings.*

BETTY LOU HOWARD, *Low Nine*.



A LADY AT HER FIRST FOOTBALL GAME

"Oh John! What a crowd of people there is here today. It must be an important game!"

"Oh, no dear, this is only some little team they are playing today."

"Well, now that we're in John, let's find a good place to sit. Oh, I wish we had gotten loges."

"Don't be silly, dear, you can't get loges at a football game."

"Well, let's find a good seat anyway. Oh, here comes the team, John. Hooray for our side!"

"Don't yell, dear, that's the opposing team."

"Oh, John, they are beginning to play."

"Come on Joe! Handle the pigskin."

"Oh, John, where is the pig? Oh! that man threw the other man down."

"Of course, of course, silly, he was tackling him to get him down."

"Well it certainly would get me down if anyone threw me that hard. Anyway, John, he could have gotten farther if he hadn't been tackled."

"Oh, Mabel, won't you shu—" he quit for just a little while.

"Dear me, John, you needn't act that way about it."

"No, no, of course not."

"John, what is the object of this game anyway?"

"Oh, you see, one team tries to get the ball over the other team's goal line, and in that way make six points. Then if the man with the ball gets away they all try to tackle him."

"Oh, I see, John. Well, why don't they tackle him? He has the ball."

"Oh, oh, oh, he's the referee, silly."

"Well, how am I supposed to know that?"

"Oh never mind, Mabel, you're hopeless. Let's go home."

BILL BROCK, *High Nine*.

LUCK

"Lost: a golf scarf-pin with initials R. C. engraved on back. Greatly valued as a keep-sake. If found, return to 30 Shoreway Drive."

Mervin Conelly looked first at an object in the palm of his hand, then at the newspaper, lying before him, and once more his eyes turned to the object. It was a small golf scarf pin, and turning it over he saw again the initials R. C.

"With this," he said to himself, "I'd be able to buy food for another week, and if I return it maybe all I'll get is gratitude. And you can't live on gratitude," he ended bitterly. "Then on the other hand there may be a reward, though there was none offered." Still puzzling upon this he went to bed.

During the night he had a curious dream. He seemed to be going on his way to return the scarf-pin, and when he reached the house and had given the pin to the fervently thankful owner, he was given a gold mine.

Still wandering in the rosy hued paths of his dream, Mervin woke up, to find himself still in his shabby room, and the problem of what to do still before him. He lay in bed thinking, and then with sudden resolve he got up. When he finished dressing, still with a firmness in his step, he walked out of the room and down the street. As he paced along, he reasoned with himself, "I guess it's the most profitable way out, and the pawn-shop will give me at least twenty dollars." Upon reaching his destination, he saw to his dismay that the shop was closed and empty. Bewildered he turned around looking for an explanation, and he was satisfied by a nearby loafer.

"Yep, he's sold out, just plain busted," the man drawled in a lazy monotone, "He moved yesterday."

"Thanks," answered Mervin, and he moved on murmuring quizzically, "Imagine a pawnshop keeper going broke." Then he added, "well, I guess the thing for me to do now is to take it down to Shoreway Drive and receive the owner's gratitude, if nothing else."

After several miles of hard walking Mervin came to 30 Shoreway Drive, and to his surprise found himself standing in front of a palatial mansion. Full of awe he walked up the steps and rang the doorbell. The door was opened by an imposing butler, who, after Mervin had explained his mission, ushered him into the library, where he was joined presently by the owner of the scarf-pin.

A large, well formed man entered the room and greeted Mervin saying, "I am Robert Cimbell, of the Cimbell and Morgan Steel Co., and I understood you to say you had found my pin?"

Mervin handed over the pin, and after an examination Mr. Cimbell exclaimed, "Yes it is! My boy, how can I ever thank you for finding this? But, there is a reward. Would \$100 be enough?"

Mervin could only gasp, "Oh, but sir, I can't accept that!"

Mr. Cimbell answered briskly, "tut, tut, my boy, it was worth it." And he thrust the check into the boy's unwilling hand.

Then Mr. Cimbell looked at the boy keenly, "Have you a job?" he asked.

"No," replied Mervin, "I haven't."

"Well," said Mr. Cimbell, "I have been looking for an assistant to my bookkeeper. So you want the job? It's only thirty-five dollars a week, but it could do for a start."

All Mervin could do when he got outdoors again was to thank his lucky stars that the pawnshop had been closed.

PATRICIA BOWMAN, *High Nine*.



SPOT'S HUMILIATION

"Put him in the woodshed," came the fatal sentence in Mother Scott's stern voice, so Johnny picked Spot up with a gentle hand and put him in the woodshed.

Unaccustomed to the darkness Spot gave vent to his feelings with a very ungentlemanly howl. Was it his fault if little sister left the parlor door open and he had some fun with the drapes and the cutest little pottery cat?

Here the thought changed as he recalled the fun of the three hours just passed that had rewarded him with a sound spanking and the disgraceful dumping of him, the best looking dog in the neighborhood, in the woodshed. Jurruph!

Maybe the fact that there was some way of freeing himself crossed his mind as he turned to the nearest wall and started digging. A ray of light finally rewarded his frantic efforts. A few more hasty scratches and he was free, but no longer was he the best looking dog in the neighborhood. He was now the dirtiest dog for miles around. Trotting over to the fishpond he plunged in and cleaned himself, and then jumped out, shook himself as dry as possible, and was on his way.

Free at last, he took it upon himself to wander over the town and see the sights. Thus that morning the people on their way to work were honored by having an inquisitive, bright, little fox terrier trotting after them. His bright eyes were taking in every happening and his cocked ears not only lent him a saucy look, but allowed him to hear every sound. Finally tiring of this, Spot turned to the residential section where after half an hour of meaningless prattle with every strange dog, his bright eyes took a sudden bulgy look as he glanced upon a ladylike Pomeranian picking her way down the street with dainty steps. Leaving his new made friends he walked across the street and made a few gentlemanly sniffs and was rewarded with a distinct rolling of two eyes in his direction and a dainty toss of his lady's fluffy brown head. After a few nose rubs, they continued on down the street together. Even Spot and Fluff admitted they were the best looking couple on the street.

All day Spot and his new found mate roamed the streets cooing like two newly mated doves. They strolled through all the alleys, and at noon they feasted at a very nice school, but refused all coaxing to go into the school rooms by rewarding the coaxers with the sight of two highly held little tails marching away.

About three o'clock that afternoon they minced once more towards the street on which they had first met. As they reached the corner they heard a deep, bass growl. Wheeling about they came face to face with a massive bulldog. At the sight of him Fluff was terrified. Spot was immediately in front of Fluff all set to ward off the attacks of the enemy. Inside Spot was really quaking but outwardly he was a regular fighter. He repelled several of the attacks of the enemy, but after a bit he was down, and the bulldog walked off with the glamorous Fluff, who after seeing Spot beaten, had sent him a withering scornful glance and had gone happily by the side of Nig, the bulldog.

About nine that night a battle-scarred, trembling, heart-broken, little dog crept in the Scott's woodshed. When he was let out the next morning he was fed and caressed as much as possible. He never forgot his humiliations and never ran away again.

PEGGY BOOTH.



FOOTBALL IMPRESSIONS

A clear blue sky with just a few fluffy white clouds here and there. The white of the huge stadium against the brown of the hills that roll back of it. Eager, red-cheeked crowds dressed in sport clothes thronging the entrance. The tang in the air that early fall brings, a tang of gay colored leaves, wind-swept valleys and curling smoke.

Now the laughing crowds are in their places. The bands march in and the teams run out, their jerseys making a bright splash of color on the green field. The people cheer their favorite team. The kickoff. Thrilling plays are made. The people on the edges of their seats cheer lustily. The end of the half. Boys in white coats pass among the crowds selling the familiar peanuts and candy. The second half is on. More excellent plays. The score—o to o. One minute to play. Suddenly one of our players makes a breakneck dash for the goalpost. Suspense. He sidesteps another player and dashes forward again and the game is over. People swarm down over the field congratulating the players and the hero of the day. The bands play "All Hail" as the sun sinks behind the rim of the stadium. The players march out. The tired but happy throngs mill after. "Great game," they shout to one another.

The stadium stands silent as evening shadows creep over it, waiting for the next game.

RUTH HURT, *Low Nine*.

Ferry Noises

*Oh, the racket on the ferry when the cars begin to start,
To distinguish one's own thoughts amid the din is quite an art,
There's the loud and raucous crackling of the little old tin Ford,
(It takes all one's vocal power to get in one single word).
And the low melodious purring of the elegant sedans,
(With all the noise it sounds like someone beating on tin pans)
And when they start to honk their horns in getting off the boat,
The noise is just enough to split your head and get your goat.
There's the shrill and high-up chatter of tin lizzies and their kind,
And the low deep-throated clatter of the trucks that are behind;
There's the loud insistent bleating of the stately limousines,
And the sporty roadsters' bugles, hailing men of wealthy means,
Oh, the racket on the ferry when the people go ashore,
As they honk their horns in screaming notes, to make that deafening roar.*

BETTY LOU HOWARD, *Low Nine*.



Autumn Thoughts

I

*The leaves are falling from the trees;
Gone are the busy humming bees.
The north wind whistles as it blows;
The crops are in, dusk's fire glows.*

II

*The pumpkins on the dark earth lie;
As gaily children scamper by.
The turkeys strut and corn stalks blow;
As if expecting winter snow.*

FAITH FRANKLIN, *High Eight*.



The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe (Gordon Harding's version)

*There was an ancient adult human female, who
Established her domicile in a buskin or shoe.

So numerous were her descendants, vociferous too,
She but feebly determined what course to pursue.

So she nourished her genera, both branch and root,
With fluid from the flesh of a vertebrate brute,

Quite unaccompanied by portions of the staff of life,
And then in desperation, the distracted old wife.

She castigated them effectually, promptly arose,
And dispatched them, weeping, to a couch of repose.*

GORDON HARDING, *Low Seven*.

MATILDA WINS

It was a pleasant Sunday at the home of the Whites. It was rather warm, but not uncomfortable. Their home was on the corner of Maple Street and Chestnut Street with their large veranda on the north side. In the afternoon, especially when it was warm, the family sat out on this porch as it was shady.

This particular afternoon Matilda, the mother, was there peeling her potatoes for dinner. Jane and Dorothy, her daughters, were manicuring their finger nails while waiting patiently for Tom and Jim. John, the youngest of the family was with his friend playing marbles in front of the house. Lastly, the father, Martin was there reading his Sunday paper. As he was slightly bald, now and then a fly would bother him. Soon the girls left, and John went to the neighborhood show.

"I think I'll go to the club and play some golf," announced Martin.

"You don't think for one minute you're going to leave me alone, do you? I'm going with you. I feel like playing a little golf myself. I'll go and get dressed now," replied Matilda.

Before Martin could say anything, she had gone into the house. He knew she couldn't play, and he would be embarrassed to take her, but once she made up her mind it was futile for him to try and change it. She came out with the golf clubs, and they started off in the car.

"Let's go to a show instead. There's a good picture playing at the Rialto," remarked Martin.

"No," answered Matilda, "I've seen it, and besides I want to play golf."

They arrived at the club and began to play. Matilda teed off, and much to the surprise of Martin her ball didn't go out of bounds. Martin was so nervous because some of his friends might see him that his ball went off of the greens. The same thing occurred at every hole, and of course, Matilda won. It so happened that Mr. Blotz, a man who was sponsoring a tournament for women, saw Mrs. White's playing.

"Would you like to enter the tournament for women next week?" inquired Mr. Blotz.

"Why I'd love to do that," responded Mrs. White.

Next week the tournament took place, and Matilda won. She received a silver cup which was more than Mr. White had accomplished.

"Matilda, where did you learn to play so well?" asked Martin.

"You remember those nights that dinner was late," replied Matilda, "Well I had been out taking lessons."

All Martin said was, "Oh, I see."

BETTY JANE CHRISTENSEN, *High Nine*.

Feet

*Tramp, tramp, tramp—
They march in single file.
Plod, plod, plod—
Weary of exile.
Tramp, tramp, tramp—
The prison floors are worn
From the plod, plod, plod
Of forgotten and forlorn.
Tramp, tramp, tramp—
On the wall the sentry stands.
Plod, plod, plod—
A deadly rifle in his hands.
Tramp, tramp, tramp—
Does no one think each day
Of those who plod, plod, plod
Their weary lives away?*
LILIAN HENNESSEY, *High Nine*.



AN AFRICAN APRIL SHOWER

"My, I'm hot! I'm so thirsty and dirty! Doesn't it ever rain in this country?" said Joan as the Cape Cart jogged monotonously along through the dust.

The two little girls were room mates at boarding school in Cape Town. They were going up country to Paddy's home, Springbok, for the Easter vacation. To Joan, who was English, Africa was still a very strange and wonderful land.

They had come by train to the end of the railroad and had been met by Cousin Peter and the Kaffir boy, Mustard, in the Cape Cart.

"Cheer up Joan," said Paddy. "We will soon come to Spring Kloof where we can wash our hands at least."

"Soon!" thought poor Joan as she looked around the dry sandy veldt for some signs of water. "Oh! I wish it would rain for a week!"

The cart dropped suddenly down into a dry kloop, or river bed, and stopped.

"Why are we stopping, Paddy?"

Paddy didn't answer, but scrambled over the high wheel. The boys were already down and had commenced to dig in the sand. After the hole was two feet deep, sure enough it began to fill with water.

Late that night they arrived at Silverfontain, a large Boer cattle farm near the Oliphants River, where they were to spend the night.

The children ate their supper of milk, mealies and biltong and thankfully crawled into bed.

"Only two more days and we'll be home," said Paddy as she blew out her candle.

They had been asleep for some time when a frightful deafening noise awoke them.

"Paddy!" cried Joan, "What on earth is the matter?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Paddy, "It's only rain on the tin roof."

"Rain! It sounds to me as if Mustard had left the Kraal gate open and the horses were galloping on the roof!"

They slept finally and awoke to a morning filled with a strange deep roar. They dressed quickly and ran through the house to the yard. Not a soul was in sight!

The roar seemed to come from the Oliphants, that dry stretch of sand. Up a Kopjie they scrambled and there at their feet rushed a mighty torrent of water.

But look! On the bank there are men running and shouting. They have ropes and are trying to pull something out of the flood.

It's a cart and two horses swimming desperately! And, oh! A man! Slowly they are pulled to shore and stagger out of the water.

Then Paddy screams "Oh! Oh! It's Daddy!"

The girls fly down and Paddy is crying in her father's arms. He had come to meet them, and the flood had caught him in the middle of the river.

Back at the farm house Joan thought to herself "If four hours rain can do this to the rivers I'm glad I didn't get my wish."

BETTY RICKER, *Low Eight*.



Autumn Leaves

*The Autumn leaves
Come tumbling down,
And fall around us
On the ground.*

*Red and yellow,
Blue and green,
They make a most
Delightful scene.*

*I find it fun
To watch them fall
From out of trees—
Some large, some small.*

*And then the wind
Comes whisking by,
And all the leaves
From us do fly.*

*Yet every year
They come and go,
And bring to us
Their little show.*

*Of playing and dancing
All the long day,
Until by the winds
They are carried away.*

ALLEN SUGDEN, *High Eight*.



*"Who does not love true poetry,
He lacks a bosom friend
To walk with him,
To talk with him,
And all his steps attend."*

HENRY CLAY HALL.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The great town clock struck nine as the watchmaker locked his little shop. He looked at his gold watch and smiled to himself as he saw that it kept perfect time with the town clock. Then shoving his hands deep down in his pockets, he started home. There were not many people on the streets at this time of night, for in Canada it gets dark quickly in the winter time. Johann Briggs whistled gaily as he made his way down a narrow side street. Why shouldn't he whistle? Tomorrow was Christmas Eve, and Johann did not work then.

A few minutes later a shadow crouched in the doorway of the clock shop. Someone was quietly working at the lock. The door opened and the shadow went in.

Mike, the superstitious policeman who patrolled the eastern section of the town and who the people said couldn't catch anything but the measles, walked quickly to the shop. He soon walked away for surely no one would go into the clock shop. Everyone in the town loved Johann. People often stopped to talk to the little watchmaker with the long white beard and twinkly blue eyes, who had a kind word for everybody.

Now the streets were completely deserted and a quiet hush settled over the town. Mike was making his final round when a low moan came from the watch shop. He paused and listened. Then he started to go in, but decided that he had better investigate. He put his hand on the door and it opened. Did Johann forget to lock the door? He stepped cautiously into the room. While groping about for a light switch, he touched the window shade which went up with a bang! The terrified policeman sprang to the door, but seeing it was only the shade, gained courage again. Suddenly something swept past him. He backed quickly against the wall at the same time pushing on the switch and flooding the room with light. Not seeing anything out of the ordinary the officer left the shop thinking that perhaps a cat had been causing all the commotion.

The next morning Johann got up quite early and not having anything to do, decided to walk down to his shop to see if everything was all right. Upon entering the shop he noticed that the door to the great grandfather clock was ajar. When he opened the door, out fell a large package. The old man's eyes glistened as he untied the string. As the paper fell away a large basket containing a Christmas dinner and presents for Johann was revealed. The old watchmaker also knew that it was the school children who had left it there for him. They had given him a basket each year, but it had always been left on his door step. At first he thought they had forgotten him, but finding it in the shop was even a greater surprise.

"Do you know!" cried Mike coming into the shop breathlessly a few minutes later just as Johann was going home, "that someone was prowling around your shop last night and when I came near they all ran away!"

"Come here," said Johann, "and I'll show you what the night prowlers left."

"You mean it was the kids who were here?" asked the astonished officer when he saw the basket.

"It was," replied the old man, his eyes dancing merrily.

"How do you account for the moan?" asked Mike scratching his head.

"The children probably saw you and tried to frighten you with their moaning," answered the old man wisely.

"Well-er-a you won't mention this to anyone—not that it matters or anything, but you won't tell—will you?" pleaded the embarrassed officer.

"Well I'll think about it," said Johann going out the door, his eyes twinkling merrily, "and a Merry Christmas to you."

"Merry Christmas," stammered Mikke, twitching his fingers nervously.

RUTH WORTHINGTON, *High Nine*.



THE KID

The kind of kid I am speaking about, is the species that is a general nuisance. Although both kinds are equally bad in that respect.

This particular one came into this world of trials and tribulations for baby goats, on April 1, 1881; on a farm in the blue grass state of Kentucky. He was a surprise to all, but even poor Mamma Goat, who had that gentle reproachful look in her gray-blue eyes, did not know how much of a surprise he was going to turn out to be. From the moment he stood up on his thin wobbly legs and yawned right into our unsuspecting faces till the day of his most timely death, he was destined to be an unfailing source of employment for all of us. That morning after we had trooped in to breakfast and had discussed his arrival, we began to think about what we would name him. Mother said we had better wait awhile before deciding, but Bess said she wanted to name him "Precious." This started an argument, for Bob wanted him to be called "Buffalo Bill". My personal name for him was "Butter," but the hired man showed more foresight when he said, "Wal, I reckon I'll jist call him 'Nuisance'."

The first important episode I wish to call your attention to, was on the night of December 24, just after a heavy downpour of chilling rain. This sweet little goat (call him what you will) emitted such a terrified bawl that the whole household turned out in full force. We emerged to find our water barrel half filled with a frightened, upside-down baby goat. We dragged him safely back to his mother and went wearily, and with that usual sinking feeling in our hearts, up the back stairs (in order to save the carpet on the front ones). This was not the first time we had been startled to wakefulness by that same raucous voice.

In the morning we found a bedraggled but greatly subdued young goat sleeping demurely by his mother's side, as if he were sorry but could not help it if he did see a vision of a mocking goat looking at him out of the rain barrel.

This attitude did not last, however, for as this young goat gentleman began to grow up, he wanted to show his mother what an enterprising

young person he could be. He immediately tried diving in the duck pond and so caused a commotion there. Almost before the ducks were out of the water, he was right after them, undoubtedly aiming to show off his ability as a duck hunter.

On the hired man's advice, we decided to tame "Butter" (or any other aforementioned name) by making him go hungry. But before we knew it, our screen door had been butted in and nine-tenths of our larder was gone. What had not been eaten had been badly molested and even the canned goods were widely scattered about the kitchen and pantry.

Mother decided that we would have the whole house redecorated because our Uncle Joshua, a missionary to China, was coming to pay us a visit. After we finished the painstaking job of painting, we went down to the village for the mail. During our absence an inquisitive black nose surrounded by half grown white whiskers, was thrust under the pantry screen. You can guess what followed that nose through the window. Well, when we returned, our sorrow and wrath were great; but Uncle Joshua was destined to come to a country home freshly scrubbed even if not adorned with fresh paint.

We took our Saturday night baths on Wednesday and went to bed in a flurry because Uncle Joshua was due on Thursday morning. He was joyously received by the whole farm yard whose curiosity was great since they hadn't seen a missionary in all their lives. The chickens sat on the gate post and the pigs peered shyly around the corner of the house. In order to show his enthusiasm, "Butter" decided to welcome him in his own quaint way. When Uncle Josh did arrive and had set his bags down, "Butter" through friendly curiosity, silently and dexterously chewed the handles off. He then investigated the contents.

"But what funny tasting thing is this?" thought "Mr. Butter" when he came across the shaving brush.

"And what is this stuff in a tube?" "Butter" almost said aloud, for you see he was a most unusual goat, and when excited, was likely to act almost human.

Sorry as I am to say it, his undue curiosity prompted by Uncle Joshua's arrival, was the undoing of "Butter". One thing that his digestive tract could not stand, was the "sticky brown stuff in the tube," which was insect paste. (Uncle Josh had brought it with him for an analysis by a chemist.)

And so ended the trials and tribulations of "Butter". He was buried among the blooming buttercups. DOROTHY AYER, *High Nine*.



THE HEAD BANKERS OF GARFIELD

There are two Low Nine boys in charge of the banking. They are Marsden Manson and Eugene Mayer.

Their duty is to help the banker from the American Trust Bank. You have probably seen these boys when they are delivering the bank envelopes to your room. VYELAINE CUNNINGHAM, *Low Nine*.

SHIPS IN THE HARBOUR

All sorts of queer craft entered the harbour. Sometimes there were the large, majestic battleships or airplane carriers. There were always sailboats of different kinds, and usually one or two yachts. Three times tugboats came in pulling salvaged wrecks, and there were always two or three house boats. Once there was a fifteen foot sloop that had been sailed all the way from Norway by an old sea captain, accompanied only by a dog. Every so often a coast-guard cutter would pull in, sometimes with prisoners who had been caught rum-running or smuggling. Every morning a boat came in with large fish that had been caught in nets laid out the day before. There were also barges loaded with freight of some kind being pulled by the small powerful tugboats. Then there were the tramp steamers laden with fruit or lumber from some foreign country. And last but certainly not least were the large, magnificent liners steaming in from distant ports.

VICTOR WAITHMAN, *High Nine*.



THE HEART OF A HURRICANE

Jane Dale stepped lightly from the train and boarded the ambulance which was one of many waiting at the airport. She smoothed her starched uniform and adjusted her head-band with the red cross boldly standing out upon the center of it, then, having settled, she glanced about at the horrible wreck which had been caused by the severe hurricane in Mexico.

The trees were stripped of their bark and branches and many of them were lying across the ground, their great roots smashed and splintered. Some of the houses were broken in, some were toppled over upon their side and still others were so battered that the remaining pieces of wood were but splinters. At a step one's foot squashed far down into the mud as if one were walking on a great swamp. In the midst of this ruin the ambulance stopped and supplies were carried out for a First Aid station. Jane felt the damp mist which filled the air creep up her arms, and she shivered at the loneliness of the place.

The First Aid tents were up and the cots were fast filling with the seriously injured. Many were propped up in chairs and the scene was a ghastly one. Jane was set to work in the tent in which the less seriously injured were taken. She was soon tired for she had never worked under such handicaps as this place afforded, together with the cold, but she simply had to go on. Such work hardened Jane's nerve and courage, but her heart softened as a weary faced mother with a baby upon one arm and a little girl hanging, feebly, to her tattered skirt came plodding up to her and muttered, "Help! For God's sake!"

Then Jane was relieved by another nurse, as the work was done in relays. While resting, a fearful thought had passed through her mind. Kenneth had telephoned her eight months ago saying that he hadn't much time for explaining, but that he was going to accompany Professor Lewis

on an expedition to Mexico in place of Doane, who had been unable to make it. With a hurried "goodbye," he had hung up. Since that night she had not heard from him except through a telegram saying that he arrived safely in Mexico. What if Kenneth was one of the hundreds of people who had been killed! In the excitement she had not thought of that; but, while in the midst of these thoughts she was called to work among the seriously injured, those occupying cots. She was kept busier than ever because more preparation was needed for these people. Many of the rescuers collapsed after they had reached this temporary hospital, and there was little space for every-one. Jane tried to smile to cheer the downcast looks which she saw on every side and must have succeeded, for one man feebly turned his face towards her and attempted to smile though his face was white and strained. She was about to walk on when a weak mumble caused her to turn about. The man had lifted himself, slightly, and was looking at her. She stopped. Then, with a cry of wonder, she ran to the cot.

"Kenneth!" she cried as she knelt down and looked into his drawn features. He smiled.

A terrible hurricane had reunited two young people.

NOTE: This story taken from "*Hurricane in Mexico*."

CHRISTINE MARTINO, *High Nine*.





JUNIOR TRAFFIC SQUAD

The Garfield Junior Traffic Squad is divided into two main divisions, each serving a half semester. The division has two squads, one for the morning and one for the afternoon. A squad is composed of a sergeant, two corporals, and two officers. Over all is the top sergeant.

As to service, the Garfield squad ranks high among the best.

Here are the members: Top Sergeant, Edward Smith; Sergeants, George Scott, Louis Horton, Ray Sears, and Griffith Borgeson; First Corporals, George Agee, Roy Foley, and Leo Frick; Second Corporals, Richard Knights, Armand Johnson, Robert Walferdinger, and Melvin Evans; First Officers, Kenneth Owen, Robert Weirick, Alfred Naphan, and George Ward; Second Officers, Erwin Oliveira, Ellsworth Rouse, Leo Frentzen, and Jerry Nelson; Substitutes, Bill Johnson, Langley Cormon, Fred Edwards, and Tom Kelley.

ROBERT CONNELL, *Low Nine*.

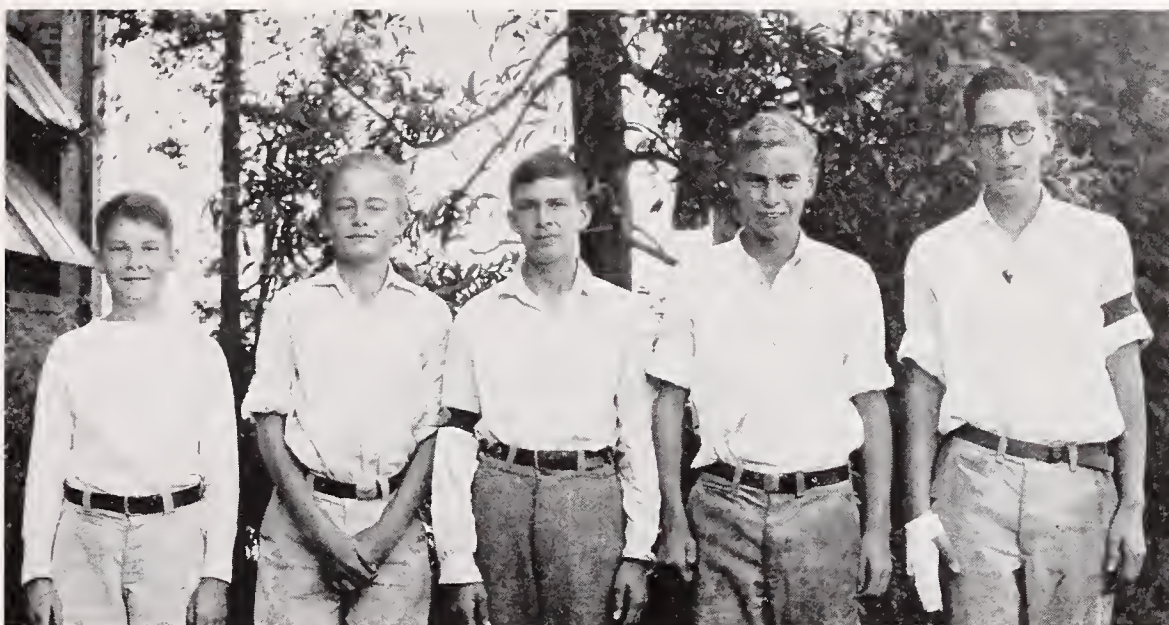


GARFIELD BICYCLE POLICE

Sam Goodenough, Richard Jones, Herbert Holt, Peter Nettleman, and Eric Creswell comprise the bicycle police in Garfield.

They have been serving for two terms and their work is of much value. They see that the bicycles in the bicycle room are kept in order so that they are not damaged. They enforce the rule keeping boys from riding bicycles on the playgrounds to prevent any possible injury to pupils. Since the bicycle police have been tending the bicycle room no bicycles have been stolen from there. The bicycle police do very good work and they should be highly complimented for it.

BOB DOANE, *Low Nine*.



PARENT-TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION

For many years Garfield has featured the Parent-Teachers Association with the object of bringing the parents to a better understanding of their children and their work.

The P. T. A. has a number of officers who carry on the business of the organization.

The officers are as follows:

President, Mrs. F. H. De Pue.

Vice President, Mrs. J. R. McKee.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. O. Bruce.

Financial Secretary, Mrs. R. E. Noble.

FRED SCOBAY, *High Eight*.



GARFIELD DAD'S CLUB

Garfield has a Dad's Club which is one of the best organizations in the school.

The Dad's Club gives benefit programs to help pay for the bleachers and to get money for the student aid fund.

In the Dad's Club there are four men that keep the business end of the club going. The President, Mr. P. S. Williams; the Vice President, Mr. O. F. Schuchard; the Secretary, Mr. J. J. Weyand, and the Treasurer, Mr. C. A. Roul.

FRED SCOBAY, *High Eight*.



*Billie
+ all*

Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is station GJH coming to you from the studios of Garfield Junior High School. It is through the courtesy of the Garfield Gleaner that we bring you these news flashes of Garfield's athletics.

INTERSCHOOL GAMES

This term there were no interschool games but Garfield challenged Berkeley High to three games of volleyball. Garfield was the champion in two of these and Berkeley High won one. We owe the credit to the following players: Louis Hanson, Joelle Pepper, Joyce Pepper, Margaret Beauchamp, Mildred Parker, Jean Youngberg, Marian Crowell, and Delia Rogers.

Garfield also played three games of basketball with Berkeley High, winning one and Berkeley High the other. The players on this team were: Louis Hanson, Joelle Pepper, Joyce Pepper, Margaret Beauchamp, Peggy Fisher, Hope Merral, Shirle Bass, Charlotte White, Jean Youngberg, and Pauline Arms.

Garfield was successful in her games, the High Ninth Grade winning the school championship.

DOROTHY COZENS, *Low Nine.*



GIRLS' BLOCK "G" SOCIETY

The Girls' Block "G" Society has again organized their club. The first meeting was held with the election of the following officers: President, Margaret Beauchamp; Vice President, Hope Merral; Secretary, Louis Hanson, and Treasurer, Joelle Pepper. The club is composed of girls that have gone far enough in athletics to win a Block "G". The society has been a success this term. They gave a dinner for themselves and also voted three dollars to help with the expenses of the Gleaner. We hope that next term other girls will win their Block "G's" and thus be eligible.

Noon leagues were started again with volleyball as the game for the first series. The numerals were awarded to the following classes: Miss Fisk, Low Eight; Miss Barry, High Eight, and a mixed team of Mrs. Archer's and Miss Kidwell's advisories. These teams were successful in winning from the other teams. Passball and kickball were the games played during the second series.

Noon leagues have been a success this term, and we hope they will continue to be.

DOROTHY COZENS, *Low Nine.*



ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

The fall athletic program is not as extensive as the spring program. After winning four out of five championships last year, Garfield entered this season with a zest to win. Volleyball is the only inter-school sport played during the fall semester. Football is played as a playground activity after school.

In the spring we have baseball, tennis, handball, and basketball.

This semester there were no inter-junior high leagues. Home games were played between Garfield and Edison with Garfield winning eight games and losing two. Therefore Garfield retains her title as champions of volleyball. This completes eight years of volleyball in which the Garfield champions have not lost the city title.

Garfield's Noon Leagues have been functioning 100 per cent this semester.

Numerals have been awarded to the winning advisories. This well organized intramural program always draws favorable attention from those outside the school.

Here's hoping Garfield has continued success in athletics and maintains its high standards of sportsmanship.

CHARLIE PIERSON, *High Eight*.





HIGH NINE HONOR SOCIETY BANQUET

The semi-annual High Nine Honor Society Banquet was held by the members of that class in the cafeteria on the evening of Wednesday, November 22. The various committees had done their part well and the room was attractively decorated. Including the guests of honor, parents, teachers, and students, themselves, there were around one hundred fifty people present.

During the meal an accordion player entertained us, alternately with the jazz orchestra.

After the meal we were presented with several songs by Helen Foss, a former pupil of Garfield, who had made herself well known because of her talents.

For the first time in the history of the Garfield Honor Society, the members were presented with small felt shields with stars representing the number of terms of the Honor Society. We were also honored with a short talk by Charles Fender Sr. on the requirements of an Honor Society member. After the talk Charles Fender Jr., president of the G. S. A., presented Mrs. Kilkenny, head of the Society, with a lovely begonia plant.

After the program the jazz orchestra struck up and there was dancing for the remainder of the evening.

MARGARET MELHASE, *High Nine*.



EDUCATION WEEK

Education Week this year started on Sunday, November 5, with the presentation of the combined Public Schools in the new Men's gymnasium at the University. The program consisted of numbers sung by girls, and boys, and played band and High School orchestra. An interesting speech was given by Paul Cadman from the University of California. Approximately twelve hundred pupils participated in the program.

On Tuesday, November 7, Garfield held a very successful open house for the purpose of showing to the parents work done by the students.

There were classes in French, Spanish, Latin, art, typing, etc. Also a program was given in the auditorium by the band and orchestra.

VYELAINE CUNNINGHAM, *Low Nine*.

THE DRAMATICS OF THE TERM

Friday, September 1—

Mrs. Bagnall's H8th class gave an interesting play, "Men of Iron."

Tuesday, September 19—

An exciting play, "Life In a Sorority," was given by some 69 pupils.

Tuesday, October 10—

This being Fire Prevention Week, a play, illustrating the damage caused by carelessness, was given.

Friday, October 13—

Mrs. Schwimley presented a play, featuring Library Day, in which many favorite fiction characters come to life.

Tuesday, December 5—

Mrs. Montagne presented a program for the visiting L6th. Many interesting numbers provided entertainment, including Latin and French demonstrations.

Friday, December 8—

An excellent Xmas play, "The Christmas Jest," was provided by Mrs. Wilkes.

ELIZABETH CLARK, *Low Nine.*



GARFIELD BOY SCOUT ACTIVITIES

Garfield has among its pupils several hundred Boy Scouts.

There are also two Scoutmasters, S. J. Leland and F. A. Flanders.

Every school morning at 8 o'clock the flag is raised by members of some scout troop. Each troop does this for one week.

Those troops that have and will have participated are: Troops 3, 4, 5, 18, 19, 22, 24, 28, 30, 40, and 41.

FRED SCOBAY, *High Eight.*



GLEANER ACTIVITIES

Starting the Gleaner Drive, the members of the staff this term presented a short skit entitled "Thirty Years From Now." It proved to be a successful start and great enthusiasm was soon aroused.

A program was given which consisted of a trumpet solo by Harry McElroy, a scare-crow and rag-doll dance, and several pleasing numbers by four colored girls from University High.

Toward the end of this term two exceedingly amusing one-act plays were given in accompaniment with a collegiate tap-dance. Our own school jazz orchestra played between numbers, helping to make it a great success. The plays were presented at three different times so pupils from different schools, as well as our own, might see them.

BILL HYDE, *Low Nine.*

ORGANIZATIONS



THE HIGH NINE HONOR SOCIETY

The total enrollment of the graduation class at the present time is one hundred and fifty-three students. Of this number forty-seven are members of the Honor Society. Nineteen others might have been, but have attended other junior high schools before entering Garfield.

FIVE STAR GROUP

Catherine Cobb, Shirle Bass, Clara Eriksen, Mary Luce, Victor Waithman, Stanton Williams, Betty Jane Christensen, Jeanne Schuchard, Edith Swannell, Ruth Worthington, Jane Dewell, Catherine Erwin, Lilian Hennessey, Ilona Koskina, Dorothy Ayer, Patricia Bowman, Janice Judd, Margaret Melhase, Payson Roseland, Kenneth Slusser.

FOUR STAR GROUP

Paula Hardman, Darrell Argubright, Lois Hansen, George Maddox, Joelle Pepper, Edna Rankin, Edith Dean, Evelyn Dodd, Charles Fender, Hope Merrall, George Dennett, Eleanor Nazro, Joyce Pepper, Delia Ann Rogers, Clyde Wilson, Kathryn Clarke.

ONE, TWO, AND THREE STAR GROUP

Corinne Blackburne, Nancy Miller, Bill Brock, Clifford Moore, Marjorie Hall, Mildred Parker, Margaret Viglia, Eleanor Wiley, Clarence Hansen, Nina Mell Weber, Alvyn Franck, Jean Youngberg.

PATRICIA MACCAUGHEY, *Low Nine.*



INSTRUMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS

This term we have three instrumental organizations. They are the Band, Orchestra, and Jazz Orchestra. These groups have worked hard and have won a great amount of favorable comment both for themselves and for the school.

The band started its activities on October 13 when it played for the Library Day program. From then on both the band and orchestra were kept busy playing for Education Week. During this week they played downtown, on Solano Avenue, and at the men's gym.

For graduation day on December 14, the orchestra will play two pieces: the Commander March by Brockton and the Grand Processional March by Charles Roberts.

The Jazz Orchestra played for the G. S. A. dance on November 24, and for the one-act plays given three different days at Garfield.

The enrollment for the orchestra this term is about fifty and that of the band is about sixty.

STANTON WILLIAMS, *High Ninth.*



Chorus
1934-1935



George
Parrish
John
Mitchell



Beryl Ginner

GLEE CLUBS AND A CAPPELLA

Garfield has three vocal organizations, the A Cappella choir, led by Mrs. Iva Smith, the Girls' Glee, directed by Mrs. White, and the Boys' Glee, supervised by Mrs. O'Neill.

During the semester the glee clubs and A Cappella sang at churches, over the radio, and at the teacher's counsel.

One of the outstanding events for Garfield's singers was the recital given in the new men's gymnasium at the University on Sunday, November 5th.

CHARLOTTE WHITE, *Low Nine.*



The N. R. A.

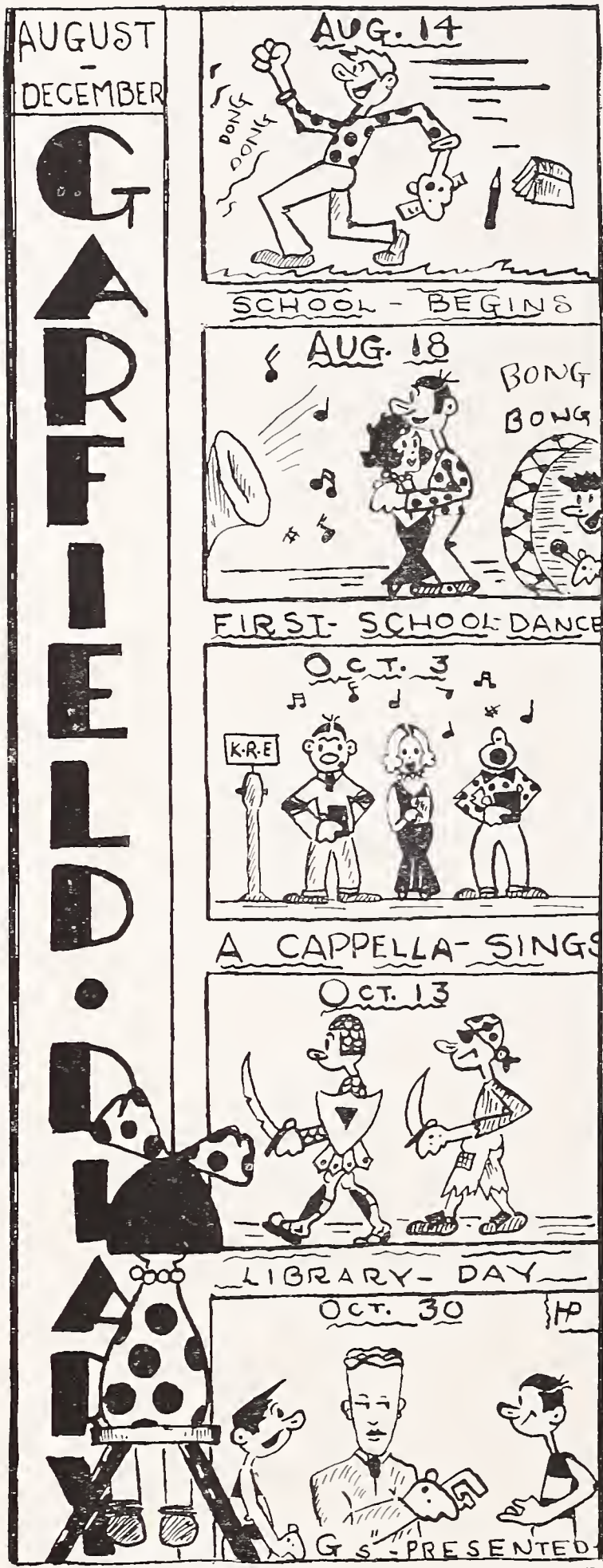
*Our President, an idea has he
To make us happy, rich, and free,
To bring back good times again
And put to work our jobless men
To take from a bread line one block long
The men whose hearts are true and strong
The men whose spirit is not broke
And work is but their only hope.*

*This sort of men our nation needs
To help it in its many deeds,
If you will try your very best
To co-operate with the rest,
Cut your prices and raise your pay,
You will profit by the:*

N R A

DAVID B. JONES, *Low Eight.*





CALENDAR

Patsy—Come on in Jane, I'm lonely now school is out for the holidays.
Jane—Well, let's think back over the school term.

Patsy—The very thing! I've all of the important dates down in my diary.

Both girls look at diary.
Jane—Here is what I'm looking for. The first G. S. A. dance. It was very good, but I thought the next dance was too. The money they made on that one went towards the bleacher debt.

Patsy—Wait a minute, you forgot Mr. Arenson. Wasn't he *marvelous*? He certainly showed some marvelous pictures. The next thing in the term was the movie, Toby Tyler, for the members of the G. S. A. on September 12. Wasn't it a scream?

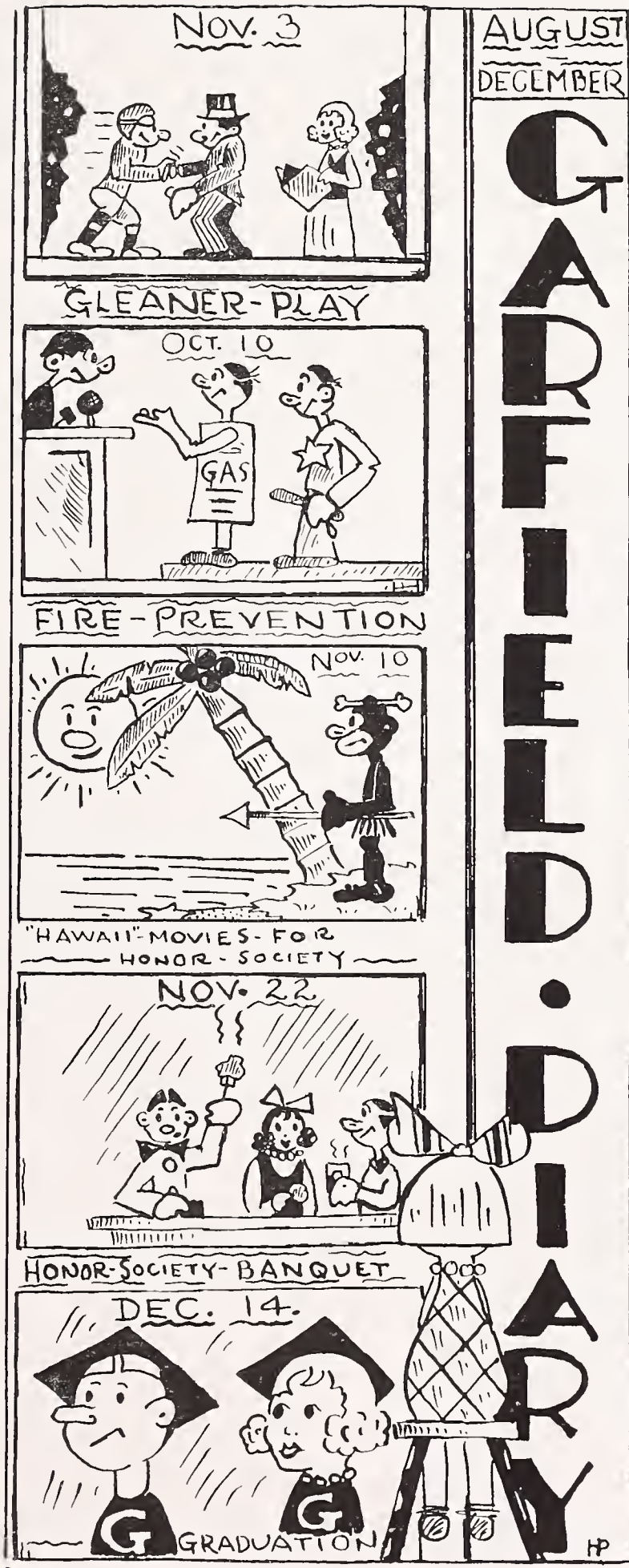
Jane—Then, the camp-fire girls held a candy sale, it was too luscious for words. It was on September 18. Then on September 19 that play for the library fund. Excitement in a sorority house, and how! Oh! Look you've got all the names of all of the cast—Freshmen, Mar-

jorie Butler, Muriel Burrows, Molly Mosser; Seniors, Geraldine Young, Ruth Dibble, June Hamilton, Audrey Ellis; President, Patsy Williams; House mother, Helen Tonkin; Boys, Bill Brock, Leland Merritt, Bob Hamilton, Edward Alloo, Bill Fulton, Norman Mathew; Xylophone player, John Vaughn.

Patsy—Then another dance on September 22 for the ninth and eighth grades only. The next is a camp-fire girl candy sale. Then on September 28 a Dads' Club meeting. Did your father go?

Jane—Yes, he did. Remember when the high nines had to sing for the P.-T. A. That same day, October 3, the A Cappella sang over KRE. The next morning did I hurry! I wanted to get there for Dr. Thomas' speech and pictures. Do you remember that noon program, The Fatal Quest? It was just *perfect*. It was so very clever. Who was in the cast?

Patsy — Lilian Hennessey as the princess,



Molly Moser as the queen, Kenneth Slusser as the king, Bill Fulton as the duke, Bill Brock rang the bell when the scenes were supposed to be changed. Leland Merritt was the one who marched around and said, "Tragic Atmosphere!"

Jane—We had a lot of plays this term. The next was the Fire Prevention program. That certainly taught the lesson well, didn't it.

Patsy—I thought so too.

Jane—October 13, Library Day, that was fun. Then on October 25, Jimmie Dickie gave his performance. On October 27, another dance given by the block G girls.

Patsy—Then on October 30, the letters and stars were given to the volley ball team. My brother got his.

Jane—Then on November 3 the Gleaner staff gave a play. It was very cute. Did you get to hear the children sing at the new men's gymnasium on November 5.

Patsy—Yes, they sang very well. We had to be pretty good all of the next week for it was open house week.

Jane—My sister went to the low nine Honor Society party on November 10. She said it was perfect. They had movies on Hawaii.

Patsy—Oh! I had fun at the Honor Society Banquet on November 22. Did you like it?

Jane—I certainly did. Did you ever see anything better than that high nine play on November 24. Then a whole week at Thanksgiving from November 25 to December 4.

Patsy—The end of the term with Class Day on December 13, Graduation on the 14, and then the high nines were through with Garfield, the best Junior High ever.

Jane—Yes, but the other children still were lucky for they had to come back the next day, December 15, and then school closed for the Holidays.

Mrs. Montagne's Low Seven advisory was given the statue "Inspiration" for a week as a reward for the excellent standings during the second report period. At the close of the week each pupil wrote something suggested to him by the statue. From the many excellent papers we select the following brief extracts:

"This statute has probably given thousands of people inspirations. The maker, perhaps, had an inspiration; perhaps that is why he made it.

"To look at that beautiful statue, I think, gives a Person much encouragement. If a person becomes discouraged and disappointed, it gives him much help to look at the statue, 'Inspiration.' You can tell by looking at it, what inspiration means."

CHARLES MCALLISTER.

"The statue of Inspiration inspires every one to do greater things in life. When I look at that statue I have a feeling like my feeling in a church when the sermon is being read. It is a beautiful statue and the creator must have been a dreamer."

JOHN BOGARD.

"The statue Inspiration stands for ideals, such as trustworthiness, honesty, loyalty, helpfulness, and friendliness.

"It stands for the higher things in life. It is inspiration that makes a person write a book, or fly to the North Pole. It was inspiration that started Columbus on his voyage to prove that the world was round."

ELEANORE BRUNSELL.



*"A quiet moonlit pool beside the forest,
The booming, restless, never-tiring sea,
A sunset, gorgeous in its flaming color,
The stately branches of a tall pine tree.
The dome of stars and darkness of the nighttime,
The peaceful hush and quiet of the dawn,
The trilling birdnotes, melodies to sunrise,
These things inspire a thought, poem, or song."*

CAROLINE GREEN.



*"Looking forward into the future,
Always so deep in meditation,
What could it be, that interests thee,
Oh, lovely Inspiration?"*

JEANNE WATSON.



*"As I look into thine eyes, oh, Inspiration,
I see a long distant look,
A look of confidence, a look that is certain,
You are not large, you are not human,
But when a person glances at you
He is sure to feel confidence in himself."*

JEAN SANDNER.

LOOKS

First Student: "I see you're getting better marks lately. How's that?"

Second Student: "My dad's on a tsip so I do all my work myself."



Teacher: "Tom, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Tom: "Yes, ma'am. It's a boy that comes to school with a smile in his face."



James: "Papa, I ain't got no butter."

Papa: "John, correct your brother."

John (looking over into James' plate): "Yes, you is."



Teacher: "What is your name, son?"

Pupil: "Jule, sir."

Teacher: "You shouldn't abbreviate. Your name is Julius. Next."

"What is your name?"

A half scared voice piped out: "Billias."



That night she was in tears when she opened the door for her husband.

"I've been insulted," she sobbed. "Your mother insulted me."

"My mother!" he exclaimed. "But Alice, she's miles away."

"I know, but a letter came for you this morning and I opened it."

He looked stern. "I see, but where does the insult come in?"

"In the postscript," she answered. "It said: 'Dear Alice, don't forget to give this letter to George'."



New Maid: "How do I announce dinner? Do I say 'Dinner is ready' or 'Dinner is served?' "

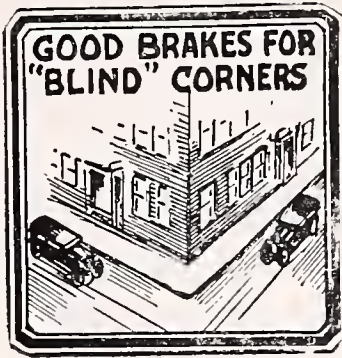
Mistress: "If it is like yesterday, just say 'Dinner is burnt'."



Bobby: "There's a man at the door, mother."

Mother: "Did he have a bill?"

Bobby: "A bill? Naw, he's just got an ordinary nose."



To the Pupils of Garfield School—

*A long, happy and prosperous life to you all,
If you will but heed the Junior Traffic Cop's call.*

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Father: "So the teacher heard you using a bad word and punished you."

Sam G.: "Yes, and she asked me where I learned it."

Father: "What did you tell her?"

Sam: "I didn't want to give you away, Dad, so I blamed it on the parrot."



"Ah, my dear young lady!" exclaimed the attendant at the awesome entrance of a silken-hung room. "You wish to consult Madame Maharajah, the great mystic of the Orient?"

"Yep," replied the caller. "Tell her that her kid sister's here and ma wants her to get a couple pounds of liverwurst on her way home."



The following correction appeared in a small town paper:

"Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police farce."



Bill Fulton: "When this injured hand gets better will I be able to play the piano all right?"

Doctor: "Certainly."

Bill: "Doc, you're a wonder. I never could play before."

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ASHBERRY 2034 ASHBERRY 2035

She: "I see by this paper that in some of the out of the way corners of the world, the natives still use fish for money."

He: "Must be a sloppy job getting chewing gum out of the slot machine."



Two girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they should wear at the coming party. In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked:

"What line do you think you are on, anyhow?"

"Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but judging from what I have heard, I should say I was on the clothes line."



Mother: "Who gave you that black eye, son?"

Edward Kotok: "Nobody, I had to fight for it."



PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION

1930: "I found a Million Dollar Baby."

1931: "I Got Five Dollars."

1932: "Here it Is Monday and I Still Got a Dollar."

1933: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

1934: ?????

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Lady (engaging a new chauffeur): "I want a very careful man who will not take any risks whatever."

Applicant: "I'm your man, madam. May I have a month's salary in advance?"



"I paid a hundred dollars for that dog there—part collie and part bull."

"Which part is bull?"

"Oh, the part about the hundred dollars."



"Say, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"

"You wouldn't want your new suit to get wet, would you?"



George Agee: "When I sang last night they shouted, 'Fine! Fine!'"

Mrs. Smith: "If you'd have sung again they would have shouted 'Imprisonment!'"



As they skated they looked at the stars,
There were a million or more:
Their heels flew up and they observed
A few they had not seen before.

H. F. WEHMAN
GROCER

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Phone THORNWALL 6784

Mrs. Kleeberger (to history class): "We will now turn to Greece."
 Voice from rear: "We will if somebody doesn't open the windows."



Latin is a dead language,
 As dead as it can be.
 It killed all the Romans
 And now it's killing me.



"Say, why do you nickname your girl friend appendix?"
 "Cause it costs so much to take her out."



Well, one way to get the world to wear a path to your doorstep is to
 grow a new lawn.



Teacher at Garfield: "I do not know why it is, every time I get up to
 speak some fool talks."



The difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor is that while the
 hairdresser curls up and dyes, the sculptor makes faces and busts.



D. A. Rogers had orange peeling on the supply pan.
 Miss Barry: "Put your skin in the garbage pail."

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A tourist was enjoying the wonders of California as pointed out by a native.

"What a beautiful grapefruit!" he said as they passed through a grove of citrus trees.

"Oh, those lemons are rather small, owing to a comparatively bad season," explained the Californian.

"And what are those enormous blossoms?" asked the tourist.

"Just a patch of dandelions," said the Californian. Presently they reached the Sacramento River.

"Ah," said the tourist, grasping the idea, "somebody's radiator must be leaking."



There was an Irishman, a Scotchman and a Jew. They went into a lunch room and all ordered a glass of milk. There was a fly in the Irishman's milk so he put it in the Jew's milk. The Jew picked it up and put it in the Scotchman's. The Scotchman picked it up, squeezed the milk out of it and threw it away.



What is space? the teacher asked.
The trembling freshman said,
"I cannot think of it just now,
But I have it in my head."

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Cæsar entered on his head his helmet on his feet armed with sandals upon his brow there was a cloud in his right hand faithful sword in his eye an angry look saying nothing he sat down to plan for his coming campaign.

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The doctor's small son was entertaining the new neighbor's boy in his father's study, and they stood looking at an articulated skeleton.

"Where did your daddy get it?" asked the new boy.

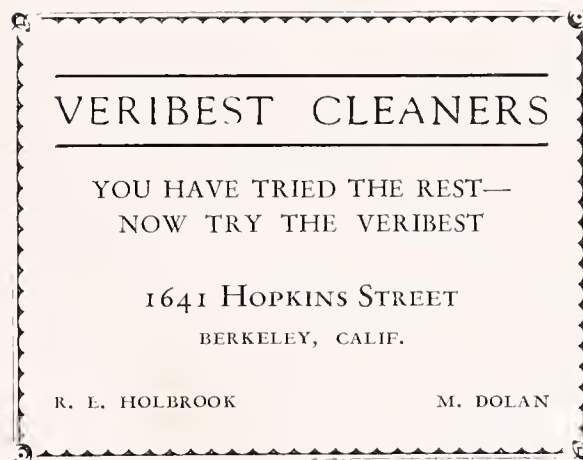
"Oh, he's had it a long time," replied the doctor's son. "I guess, maybe, it was his first patient."

J. C. MILLER

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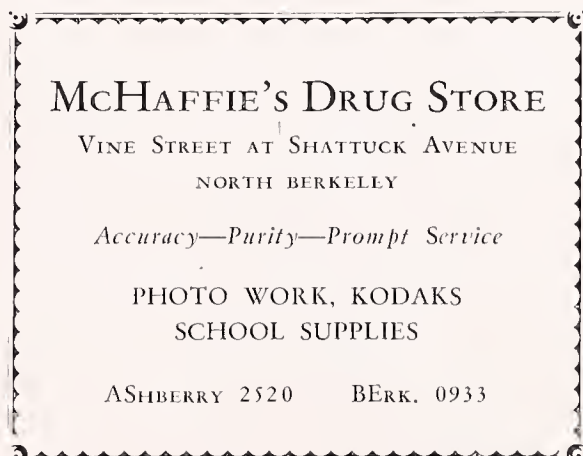
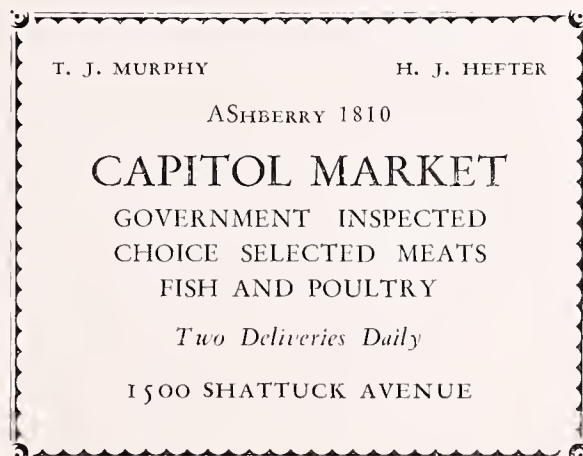


Willie's definition of a circle. A circle is a straight round line with a hole in it.

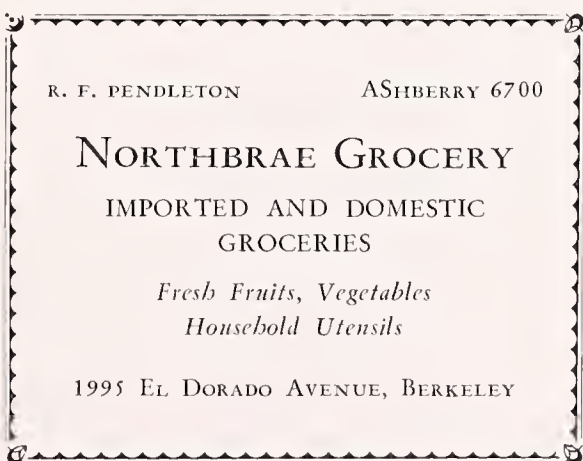


Miss Laurens: "Did you get the question?"

Jack Dill: "Yes, but I didn't get the answer."



A New Yorker was examining an applicant for the job of bookkeeper. "Of course, you understand double entry?" he said. "Sure," said the applicant. "The last place I had I kept triple entry—one set for the boss, showing the real profits; a second set for the shareholders, showing no profit, and a third set for the income tax people, showing a loss."



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